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AS

JULIUS CAESAR

Julius Caesar

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JULIUS CAESAR

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

BRITISH COLLEGE LIBRARY
JULIUS CAESAR

BY

ENRICO CORRADINI

Translated

by

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TO THE
UNKNOWN SOLDIER
OF THE
NEW ITALY



AUTHOR'S PREFACE

MANY years ago I published a tragedy of Julius Caesar.

It was a work of sincere inspiration, but through the channel of literature.

From that time, even when I had given up literature for politics, I turned again and again to that subject without ever having really left it. It was a fundamental theme of my inner activity.

To-day I publish the tragedy of Julius Caesar, renewed in the light of my knowledge.

It is composed with sentiments different from those with which so-called historical dramas are usually composed and judged. These are, as it is said, an "evocation of the past" made either for the sake of pleasure in "uses and customs" that no longer exist or for the sake of studied analogies with the present day. I, on the contrary, have conceived the Roman tragedy in the immanence of the race. We have just emerged from a materialistic age in which many values were despised and distorted, among others those which come to a nation from the presence of its history. Upon Italy, that great past of hers whose name is Rome imprints an indelible character. The less the fortune of Italy through the ages detaches itself from Rome, the more does its sacred character appear. During the Middle Ages it was tragically alight through the conflict between actuality, which was war

PREFACE

of countless divisions, and memory, which was the peace of imperial unity. It was kindled on the heights of Dante's genius which bore its passion between the municipality and the Universe.

The Catholic Church is an eloquent example. She lives to-day as she lived yesterday and as she will live to-morrow in her immanence, crossing centuries and millenniums with the magnificent train of her saints who live in the worship of the faithful. It is the Church of the Living God. So the nation which sets up the cult of its own Heroes, reaches the plenitude of the Race, without respect of time.

Rome is Italy's character and everlasting rule of life. Rome in the consciousness of the Italian nation rises sublime as a sovran order of heroism and of sacrifice.

Now Julius Caesar is the greatest Hero of the heroic People of Rome. May the hope be granted to me, an Italian of this victorious epoch, of being able to cast upon the new fertility of Italy at least the seed of the drama of the Race, the supreme form of art, the sacred representation, the rite both mystic and heroic.

ENRICO CORRADINI.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

JULIUS CAESAR.

POMPEY.

CICERO.

CATO.

The Consul LENTULUS.

SCIPIO, *Pompey's General.*

PAULUS AEMILIUS.

FAVONIUS.

* LEPIDUS.

DOLABELLA.

CAELIUS.

VOLCATIUS.

TREBONIUS.

ANTONY.

CURIO.

ASINIUS POLLIO.

ROSCIO.

The Tribune METELLUS.

LIBO.

THERMUS.

ATTIUS VARUS.

LUCIUS MANLIUS.

SPURINNA.

JANUS PLANCUS.

VARRO.

ANIENUS.

SOSIGENES.

VARENUS.

PULFIO.

CRASTINUS.

CASSIUS SCAEVA.

HORTENSIUS.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY (*continued*)

BRUTUS.

CASSIUS.

ALBINUS.

CASCA.

TULLIUS CIMBER.

POMPILIUS LENA.

A Slave of Brutus.

DEIOTARUS, *King of the Galatians.*

ARIOBARZANES, *King of Cappadocia.*

Roman Prisoners.

Athenian and Barbarian Prisoners.

Roman Senators, Patricians, Citizens,
Peasants.

Soldiers of Caesar.

Soldiers of Pompey.

CLEOPATRA.

CALPURNIA.

SERVILIA, *Mother of Brutus.*

JUNIA, *Wife of Cassius.*

LOLLIA.

Matrons.

Maid Servants of Cleopatra.

Maid Servants of Calpurnia.

ACT I

ACT I

ACT I

ACT I

AT THE RUBICON

SCENE I

SCENE : *Fields intersected by the Rubicon. The boundary pillar. Scattered houses. A January night in the year of Rome 705.*

[FUGITIVES, PEASANTS *of the neighbourhood, both men and women.*

FUGITIVES (*passing in companies : some crying aloud to the more distant*). The Rubicon !

OTHER FUGITIVES. The Rubicon !

FUGITIVES. Let us cross the Rubicon !

1ST PEASANT. Ho ! man of Fulginia, arouse yourself ! See how they are running ! Let us run too ! The Barbarians have come !

2ND PEASANT. The Barbarians ?

OTHER PEASANTS. The Barbarians ? The Barbarians ? The Barbarians ?

OTHER PEASANTS. The Barbarians ! The Barbarians ! The Barbarians !

—Let us escape too !

—Let us cross the Rubicon !

—The Barbarians are here !

JULIUS CAESAR

—Here they are ! Look ! Quick ! Quick ! !

OTHER PEASANTS. —What are you saying ?

—Stop !—

—What are you doing ?

—Barbarians ! Nonsense !

—Stop !

—They are Caesar's Romans !

OTHER PEASANTS. —Caesar's Romans ?

—Ah ! Caesar's Romans !

—Yes, Caesar's Romans !

—See ! They are coming, Caesar's Romans !

1ST PEASANT. But I say no ! They are Cimbrians, Germans, Gauls !

PEASANTS. Come, let us run !

2ND PEASANT. Let us go to meet them ! It is the Romans who are coming !

PEASANTS. They are Romans ! Look !

1ST PEASANT. Very good ! but what are the Romans ? A fine people the Romans, are they not ? People who stay in their own place and respect the rights of others ? A gentle-mannered folk ?

2ND PEASANT. The Romans are our friends !

PEASANTS. They are our friends !

1ST PEASANT. Yes, when it suits their convenience !

3RD PEASANT. They are our defenders !

1ST PEASANT. When it suits their convenience !

PEASANTS. Our defenders ! Exactly !

1ST PEASANT. Look now ! You are strong and I am weak. I have one poor little lean cow in my stall ; you come in and carry it off. I have some savings and you take them from me. I have a young wife and you work your will with her. And then you set yourself to act as a guard

JULIUS CAESAR

to house and farm, lest another come to treat you as you have treated me. You are my defender.

PEASANTS. —Well said !

—Who will defend us ?

—They will lay waste our fields, they will carry off our flocks and herds !

—Everything ! They will carry everything away !

4TH PEASANT. Those who are running away there, do you know who they are ? They are folk hired by the Senate and by the aristocrats of Rome to act as they are doing and to spread terror among these peaceful industrious folk. But Caesar is a democrat and we are democrats too.

PEASANTS. —Caesar a democrat !

—We democrats !

4TH PEASANT. Yes. Everyone knows that these peaceful industrious folk of Cispadane and Transpedane Gaul are democrats. So Caesar comes as a friend to us and we must meet him as friends.

PEASANTS. Because Caesar is a democrat ?

4TH PEASANT. Yes.

PEASANTS. “ Caesar is a democrat ! ” What does that mean ?

4TH PEASANT. What does it mean ? It means, if you have debts you don't pay them ; it means too that Romans, Italian Gauls, Patricians, Plebeians, all of us are equal.

PEASANTS. —Hurrah ! Hurrah ! No more debts to be paid !

—We are all equal !

4TH PEASANT. And all sovran. For democracy means sovran people.

PEASANTS. —Oh

—But where is the People ?

JULIUS CAESAR

4TH PEASANT. Don't you see ? It is we.

PEASANTS. Oh ! Then we are to be sovran and Caesar too wishes to make us sovran ?

4TH PEASANT. Just so. That's what links us to him.

PEASANTS. In very truth !

4TH PEASANT. Not a doubt of it. Democracy is here.

WOMEN. And we too, are we sovran ?

4TH PEASANT. You are.

PEASANTS.—Hurrah ! Hurrah !

—We are masters, because we are democrats and democrats and democracy means the People is master ! And no more debts to be paid !

OTHER PEASANTS. —Hurrah ! Hurrah !

—Caesar is master too, because he's a democrat !

—Hurrah ! Hurrah !

—We are all masters ! And no more debts to be paid !

—Let us go to meet Caesar !

5TH PEASANT. But Caesar is one and we are so many. How can we be masters just like him ?

4TH PEASANT. We are all masters with Caesar at the head.

5TH PEASANT. But Caesar is master and has so many legions, while we, masters too, have not even one legionary !

4TH PEASANT. But we have the legions on our side !

5TH PEASANT. But Caesar commands them.

4TH PEASANT. Dolt ! Do you want to command them ? Caesar commands them because he is a great captain, but it is for our good.

JULIUS CAESAR

3RD PEASANT. Quite right. Now I am telling you. You just listen. Yesterday I was at Ravenna and there was a lot of talk. They were saying that Caesar would make war against his enemies in Rome, against those men that are tyrants over all Italy and the whole world, would make war against them for the good of the People, of the poor country-folk too. As a matter of fact, I was going to watch the gladiators' exercises and there I was face to face with the conqueror of the Gauls, who was seated, when, look, a legionary starts fighting a gladiator and up gets the conqueror of the Gauls. You should have seen him—a fine figure of a man with two eyes that speak—and what ways he had ! For he is on the People's side—but he is a great lord of the oldest Roman blood, which means that he is of divine origin. Well, up he gets, runs, takes the legionary by the arm and, "By Hercules," says he. "Gaius ! Is this the way you forget yourself under your General's very eyes ?" Just like a father with his son. Then I understood that that great man, even if he turns the world upside down, will do it with grace and for the good of the poor folk. There's the meaning of Democracy.

PEASANTS. —Now just think of that ! Now we understand

—You have been bought by Caesar

OTHER PEASANTS. —Bought by Caesar

—At him ! At him ! !

OTHER PEASANTS. —How does that show that we are the masters ?

—It's a plot

—He wants to hand us all over to Caesar's soldiers

—At him ! ! At him.

JULIUS CAESAR

3RD PEASANT. Come, come ! Let us rather go to meet Caesar.

PEASANTS. Let's go to meet Caesar !

4TH PEASANT. And cry " Long live Caesar ! " For when men are powerful and democrats they do as Caesar does, command legions, and when they are democrats but not powerful, they do as we do, command nothing and cry " Long live Democracy ! "

PEASANTS. —Long live Democracy !

—Long live Caesar

—Oh ! Listen !

[The march of CAESAR's soldiers is heard.]

WOMEN. Quick ! Let's run !

[They all run away.]

SCENE II

CAESARIAN SOLDIERS, VARENUS, PULFIO *and other*
centurions. PEASANTS.

[*The CAESARIAN COHORTS enter. The soldiers are silent, gloomy, possessed by a sullen fury. They light fires and torches. Some eat, some stretch themselves out for sleep. Some of the PEASANTS reappear here and there, timid and curious ; others spy from the houses.*

VARENUS (*angry*). Rustics, I will put you all to the edge of the sword, if you show any fear of Caesar's soldiers. We will spread destruction like a devastating hurricane wherever our General wills it ; even if like Coriolanus we must meet upon our way our sisters and our mothers, we are ready to cut their throats, should he command it.

PEASANTS. Oh !

VARENUS. Yes ! But you must receive us as we should be received, or I repeat, you will have us to deal with. And now go.

[*The PEASANTS disappear.*

PULFIO. Calm yourself ! Do you want to vent your anger on those poor wretches because you can't have it out with Caesar ?

VARENUS. If only I could !

JULIUS CAESAR

PULFIO. Do you want to go over to Pompey ? The Rubicon is there, cross it and make all the speed you can to Rome. As for us, what does it matter whether we serve one or the other ? Where's the difference ? You know the difference perhaps ? I don't. Marius, Sulla, democracy, senate, republic, liberty, tyranny, mere words ! Our business is cut and thrust. Now we have done that business well against Gauls, Germans and Britons, we shall do it well against the Romans. Do you remember when you and I went out alone from Cicero's trenches against the Nervii ? We shall repeat the rivalry at the foot of the Capitol. Oho ! Why do you not answer ?

VARENUS. Look at those faces.

PULFIO. What's the matter with them ?

VARENUS. They are grim.

PULFIO. It is the effect of the night and the torches flickering in the wind.

VARENUS. Bad luck, if they are ordered to cross the river !

PULFIO. Bad luck and why ?

VARENUS. They have heard that Labienus has deserted Caesar.

PULFIO. Labienus is a traitor.

VARENUS. Do not say so ! I am bound to that man for life and death. He is my Caesar. You remember that hard day against the Treveri ? I seem to hear his great voice still : " Fellow-soldiers, here is the fulfilment of your wishes. The enemy are there ! ! Remember, Caesar is here to watch you and let him see your valour."—And he loved Caesar and has always served him loyally, the first of all. But now he has gone and the soldiers know this and condemn Caesar.

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PULFIO. The soldiers will see from your face that you are ill-disposed and will follow you.

VARENUS. Am I the only centurion here? Look!

PULFIO. It is true; there are many of you who cannot bridle your tongues. But come let us rather think how we may sell our hides dearly. If Caesar and Pompey and the Senate and the rest of the demagogues have so great need of us just now, we are the masters. Rome has changed, Varenus! In the good old days, our grey beards like to tell us, everything proceeded in due order: there were laws and magistrates and everybody obeyed them. As a good citizen you did your military service for so many years in accordance with a fixed law, and then you went back home as a good citizen. But now we have conquered the world, and this steel that has helped us so much wants its reward. The new king of Rome, Varenus, that's it! And he who wants it, has to pay for it in regal style.

[SOLDIERS enter.]

SOLDIERS (*running up*). Fellow soldiers!

A SOLDIER. Fellow soldiers! At the bridge-head there is a column and upon it is written: "General, soldier, armed conscript, whoever you are, halt here and lower your standards, lay down your arms, nor pass with arms, standards, army, beyond this river, the Rubicon."

SOLDIERS. Are we then at war with the Republic?

—Our centurion has spoken of Coriolanus.

[*The sullen fury breaks out.*]

—We will not follow the General.

[*Other SOLDIERS run up from all parts.*]

The field is filled. A tumult.

—We will not follow the General—

JULIUS CAESAR

—The General is cheating us

—We do not wish to make war on the Republic !

A SOLDIER. Fellow soldiers ! We were hoping for peace at last and the General is moving us against the Republic ! The General drives us about the world like beasts of burden or cattle for the slaughter ! Our bodies are full of wounds and we must prepare to fight again, and not for ourselves, for our houses and our families, not for the greatness of Rome as did our fathers of old ; but for one who keeps us as mercenaries and hides his intention from us, as if we were not soldiers of free Rome, the mistress of the world, but the off-spring of barbarous subject races. Let us go back then and present ourselves to him asking for the arrears of pay and for leave.

SOLDIERS. Yes, Yes ! Pay and leave.

VARENUS. Fine, very fine !

SOLDIERS. What is the centurion saying ?

VARENUS. I say that you are fine men to shout ! Very fine ; shout ! shout !

SOLDIERS. Oh !

VARENUS. You are men of purpose, aren't you ? Steadfast to one idea ? Shout ! But who is going to trust you ? Who will bring you into Caesar's presence ?

SOLDIERS. We will go by ourselves !

VARENUS. Did you not say so at Placentia ? But the centurions who joined you had to pay the penalty of having taken you at your word. And for this reason, when Caesar commands, you will do well to obey him.

SOLDIERS. No !

VARENUS. But I tell you, Yes !

SOLDIERS (*rushing at him with drawn swords*). Do you want to provoke us, centurion ?

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VARENUS. Yes, Labienus knew you and he has gone away alone.

SOLDIERS. Labienus ! Labienus !

A SOLDIER. The centurion is with us ! He speaks of Labienus. Have you not heard the tone of his voice ?

SOLDIERS. — We have

—Our centurion is on our side

—Long live our centurion !

—Let us bear him in triumph !

[They raise him in triumph.]

VARENUS. Take me to Labienus ! Let us go to Labienus !

SOLDIERS. —We will go !

—To Labienus !

—Away with these arms that we will not use against the Republic !

—Pay and leave !

—The General !

[All stand still and become silent. They pick up their arms, still retaining, however, a threatening air.]

SCENE III

CAESAR, ASINIUS POLLIO, *a few other followers*, VARENUS,
PULFIO, SOLDIERS.

[CAESAR ~~enters~~ *bare-headed*, preceded by two
LEGIONARIES with torches, and followed by
POLLIO and another LEGIONARY, carrying
his sword. CAESAR speaks to a legionary who
has not picked up his sword.

CAESAR. Soldier, pick up your sword. Who are you?
A SOLDIER. Lucius Pedrosidius.

CAESAR. I recognise you.

[*He walks for sometime silent. Then turns
to the centurions.*

What do they want?

PULFIO. They will not listen to us any more.

CAESAR. The fault is yours, centurions. You can do nothing except irritate your men with stupid harshness or encourage relaxation of discipline. The Roman army has no more centurions. What, then, do they want?

PULFIO. They know that Labienus has left us.

CAESAR. Then let them know also how I have dealt with that lieutenant of mine, whom I have always treated with kindness. Now I could have had him arrested and executed as a deserter, but instead I remembered his merits and had his baggage sent after him.

JULIUS CAESAR

PULFIO. Soldiers ! The General would have you know that Labienus is an ingrat, a deserter, a traitor, and the General could have had him punished, but he has not done so, rather he has courteously returned to him his possessions which he had left at Ravenna.

[SOLDIERS *remain silent and hostile.*

CAESAR. We soldiers know that the Roman people and the Empire are enduring the tyranny of robbers and must be delivered. I am the successor of Marius and of Cinna, my kinsmen.

PULFIO. Soldiers ! The General, the nephew of the famous Gaius Marius and the son-in-law of Lucius Cornelius Cinna, has raised the standard of liberty against the tyranny which is robbing the Roman people and the poor soldiers of the fruits of so many labours and so much blood.

[SOLDIERS *make no sign of assent.*

CAESAR. My veterans should trust me.

PULFIO. Soldiers ! I can tell you that the General will do for us what none of the most illustrious and magnificent generals ever did for his veterans. The most fertile and richest lands are already assigned to us.

[SOLDIERS *do not move.*

CAESAR. Never were soldiers like this.

PULFIO. Never, General.

CAESAR. I should prefer open rebellion. Force them into it.

[*Exit* CAESAR.]

SCENE IV

POLLIO, PULFIO, VARENUS, SOLDIERS.

PULFIO. Say something to them.

POLLIO. But who dares approach? Is he crossing the river?

PULFIO. No. He has stopped in front of the column.

POLLIO. Do you not seem to hear the voice of the river?

PULFIO. No. The Rubicon is a small river and has a gentle flow. We have been upon other rivers that used to thunder in the night.

POLLIO. You were among the legions that crossed the Rhine?

PULFIO. I was. And we have been upon the shore of the great ocean and in Britain.

POLLIO. The air is very cold. It is already midnight.

PULFIO. Look at the constellations above your head. In these January nights, when that constellation is at that point, it is mid-night.

POLLIO. Do you know the signs of the sky so well?

PULFIO. Soldiers learn to know them when they keep watch in face of the enemy.

POLLIO. What terrible Roman anger is in the air, good people?

[*He approaches the SOLDIERS.*
Friends, do you believe in dreams?

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SOLDIERS. What are dreams to us ?

PULFIO. Who does not believe in dreams and apparitions, even though he does not believe in the Gods ?

POLLIO. Very well, come and listen.

*[During his narrative he turns now to the
CENTURIONS and now wanders among the
SOLDIERS.]*

Yesterday evening at Ravenna whilst we were yet at table with many guests Caesar signed to me with his eye to follow him. All the day I had seen that he was restless, agitated. I had seen him set himself to write his "Commentaries" and cut it short, now take a Latin book and throw it down, now a Greek book and throw it down. At table he signed to me, as I have said. We take a little mule-cart at nightfall, set out upon the road towards Ariminum. After a little while Caesar falls asleep beside me. When of a sudden he gives a groan, wakes up and at the very instant the torches go out. I hear his voice like the voice of a wretched frightened woman. The great Caesar is so much of a weakling, as you know !

PULFIO *and the other* CENTURIONS. You heard his voice ? What was he saying ?

POLLIO. "Asinius, I have dreamed an impious thing."
"What thing ?" say I. "That I lay with my
Mother !" }

PULFIO. That was the General's reply ?

POLLIO. Caesar's reply.

SOLDIERS (*sullenly*). Oh !

POLLIO. What would you have said ?

PULFIO *and the other* CENTURIONS. That is was very impious.

POLLIO. Of course. You know that Caesar has always

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had great affection for his own ~~kindred~~ and he really worships the memory of his Mother. But I explained to him that his Mother was Rome which would conceive new greatness by his deed.

[SOLDIERS *remain silent.*

The General remained silent, but I felt him sigh beside me as one who is drawn by force to accomplish actions of grave import and ~~fraught~~ with pain. I tell you he was as one who has within him a terrible conflict. And such was his state for the rest of the journey, right to the Rubicon.

[*He is silent, looking fixedly at CAESAR in the distance.*

Look at him down there on the bridge, how he is standing motionless and wrapped in thought among the tall torches that light the way to Rome. A keen warrior from his earliest years, he has eagerly quenched his thirst at the fountains of knowledge and wisdom ; he sees the present, the past and the future and now, feeling his life exposed to the terrible eyes of posterity that gaze upon him through immense spaces, he says to his old heart—
“ We have yet time to turn back. But if we cross this little bridge, what will be the judgment of those to come ? ”

PULFIO. I tell you in your ear you have done wrong to tell such stories. Soldiers are simple souls and if the General has such bad dreams now, what must they think of the step he is meditating ? Look at them. You have enraged them more than ever.

VARENUS. And to think that it needs but a breath of the pestilent night, finer than the point of a needle to strike him from behind and all is over.

POLLIO. What do you mean ? Are you a traitor ?

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VARENUS. Soldiers ! Caesar commands us to treat you roughly and to speak plainly to you. Will you follow him in war against the Republic ?

SOLDIERS. No !

VARENUS. Have a care ! He is the General, will you follow him or not ?

SOLDIERS. No !

VARENUS. This is your final decision ?

SOLDIERS. It is.

VARENUS. You are decided ?

SOLDIERS. Decided !

VARENUS. And you will not change ?

SOLDIERS. We shall not change !

VARENUS. It is the last word ?

SOLDIERS. The last word.

VARENUS. And you will not retract it ?

SOLDIERS. We will not retract it !

VARENUS. Cry aloud then on this terrible night. So ! Let the General know and that nothing remains for him but to turn back or to cross the river alone.

[SOLDIERS *give a great shout.*

Again, again. Join all together ! Forward, forward ! To Caesar !

SOLDIERS (*at the height of madness*). —Yes !

—Caesar is there !

—Let us rush upon Caesar !

PULFIO. Ah—you dogs.

[*Throws himself in front of them with the other CENTURIONS.*

[SOLDIERS *throw stones at them.*

VARENUS. To Caesar ! And then to the Rubicon ! Do you not hear the cries ? They are your mothers, your

JULIUS CAESAR

sisters, your wives who call to you from the other side.

SOLDIERS. —To the Rubicon !

—Our mothers !

—Our mothers !

[At the height of the revolt they rush towards the river.]

[To meet them CAESAR appears alone.]

SCENE V

CAESAR, POLLIO, PULFIO, VARENUS, *other* CENTURIONS
and SOLDIERS.

CAESAR. You. What do you want ?

[SOLDIERS *do not reply.*

What do you want ?

SOLDIERS. Pay and leave.

CAESAR. That is what you want ? Pay and leave ?

SOLDIERS. Yes ! At once !

CAESAR. At once ?

SOLDIERS. Yes !

CAESAR. But you only want this ?

SOLDIERS. —Oh !

—What is he saying ?

—That is how he takes it ? He says “ only this ? ”

—This is what we want ! Pay and leave !

CAESAR. Very well. If you do not want anything else,
it is granted.

SOLDIERS. Oh !

CAESAR. Do you not want pay and leave ? You shall
have pay and leave at once.

SOLDIERS. Oh !

CAESAR. You are still angry ? What did you expect ?
That I should come to you with a downcast mien and
plead to you ? Do you know me so little after having

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spent so many years together ? Or did you expect that I should say “ No ” to your requests ? For what purpose are you against me ? For what purpose ? You perhaps have seen me tremble on a single occasion ? I have seen you, it is true. Do you want me to enumerate the times you were unworthy of the name of “ Romans ” and trembled in the face of the enemy ? Shall I do it legion by legion or head by head ? I could do that too. Put out all the lights ; by your breathing alone I know you all one by one. Enough. Do you not want pay and leave ? Pay and leave are granted to you.

SOLDIERS. — Oh !

— He grants us pay and leave !

— He can do without us then ?

— Without us, he do without us ?

— Gently ! Do you wish to be content with pay and leave ? You are content with little.

— What else is there ? Let us hear.

— He must also promise us the triumph gifts and we will go away !

— Yes— The triumph gifts !

— Shall we ask him for the triumph gifts too ?

— Yes ! Let him give us pay and the triumph gifts and we will go away.

— The triumph gifts !

— The triumph gifts !

— Silence ! Let one be the spokesman !

A SOLDIER. General ! All Generals since the birth of Rome, when they celebrated their triumphs, have distributed magnificent gifts among their soldiers. And you have promised us that you would do the same. Will you keep the promise ?

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CAESAR. This fellow, then, is the spokesman ?

SOLDIERS. For all, General.

CAESAR. Very well, I reply that I am amazed and not without great bitterness I am amazed at you, for perhaps you think I shall still be your General when I disband you ? And you will be present at my triumph, you will be there as fellow-soldiers, if I disband you to-day ? This talk of gifts, of the gifts I have promised you and of the lands which I had not promised you but which in my own mind I had assigned to you, you will be able to indulge in it on the day when I and my fellow-soldiers celebrate our triumph. And I shall then look into the matter whether a General can be in debt for triumph gifts towards soldiers who do not triumph with him. For you cannot participate in my triumph for I disband you to-day.

SOLDIERS. Ah !

CAESAR. Well, then ? Well, then ? Are you deluded ? You stand before me like folk distraught. Have you not all you ask of me ? I disband you to-day.

[SOLDIERS *stare at CAESAR without more words.*]

So you will cease to make complaints and outcries, to count the years of your service, to show your wounds, to repeat that you have over-run the world, driven on like beasts of burden and cattle for the slaughter. You had done better to remember that wherever you went, I went and I preceded you all. To remember that wherever there were labours to be undergone, I shared them equally with you. Where there were privations to accept, hunger, thirst, cold, disease, I accepted them, and the marks of suffering and endurance which I bear in my body are as good as your wounds. Or do you wish still to serve ? Rome

JULIUS CAESAR

has many other Generals ; you could follow one of them. My enemies can give you good pay. They have the treasures of the Republic which they have dismembered, those of the provinces they have robbed. Caesar has neither treasures nor treasurers. Caesar could be the richest of all and is poor. Money dances round him and leaps into the hands of his neighbour, of a friend, of a soldier. Take the leave which I give you and go to Rome. There perhaps Pompey and the Senate, the enemies of the people and of the liberty which I have defended for twenty years, will have need of you. You are disbanded.

SOLDIERS. —Who would have expected this—

—Could we have thought that our General would wish to get rid of us ?

—And he is keeping his promises !—

—More ! Have you not heard ? He had allotted lands to us.

—What ought we to do ?

—We shall not take part in the triumph.

—The other legions will take part, but not we—

—We shall remain lost in the crowd of people to watch—

—Why have we fought so far then ?

—Why have we undergone the labours he speaks of and beaten so many enemies ?

—The General has indeed a generous heart.

—Look at his face, how worn it is ! It is true he has suffered like us and fought like us.

—And it is true ! he is the defender of the people and of liberty against the tyrants of Rome.

—Where are we, fellow-soldiers ? Where are we ?

JULIUS CAESAR

We are in a country that received the Roman citizenship from Caesar against the will of Senate.

—Who stood up to Sulla ?

—Who withstood the aristocrats who threatened him in the face with their swords ?

—Caesar is the General of Democracy !

—Yes, our General !

—Let us tell him then !

—What are we to tell him ?

—What reply shall we give him ?

—Come here. Let us take counsel.

—I am of the opinion that we ought to be content with our pay and go away, entrusting the rest to him. Let him decide in his own time about the lands and the triumph gifts. Is that right ?

—Yes—

—Let us give him this proof of our confidence—

—Yes !—

CAESAR. Fellow-citizens.

[SOLDIERS *are silent and then break out into a loud shout.*]

SOLDIERS. General ! Do not call us fellow-citizens, but fellow-soldiers.

—Give us back your confidence and we will follow you wherever you will.

CAESAR. If I did it, you would turn again.

SOLDIERS. No !

CAESAR. So you say !

SOLDIERS. Command us, General.

CAESAR. I do not trust you any more.

SOLDIERS. —Command !

—Give the signal.

JULIUS CAESAR

—Without terms or conditions we will follow you !

—You shall pay us when you can.

—We will provide with our savings for our poorer comrades.

—We will arm fresh cavalry at our own expense.

CAESAR. At day-break you shall know my decisions.

SOLDIERS. Yes, General.

POLLIO. You could give the signal.

CAESAR. Not yet. Do you see ? They are beaten. I have quelled them. They should be ready to fly when I give the signal, if I do give it.

POLLIO. If you give it ?

CAESAR. I shall give it, if it is necessary.

POLLIO. What are you still gazing at, Caesar, beyond the river there ?

CAESAR. My friend, all that Rome has built with the blood of fifty generations awaits us down there.

POLLIO. It is yours, Caesar.

CAESAR. Do you think, perhaps, my friend, that it is mine, as a prey for which one stretches out his hand ?

POLLIO. I have already explained your dream to you. Rome will have new greatness from you. That which you create is yours.

CAESAR. My friend, I see myself again in the far distant years, when first I discovered in myself an inclination for politics. One day I had come out of the school of a famous Greek master who taught me that art which I have always loved more than peace itself, which is, as you know, music. Suddenly a passer-by in the street mentioned Sulla, who was then at his mightiest and fiercest. I remember that instant as if it were now. I felt a sudden revolt within me, my thought sped lovingly to my great

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kinsman Marius and to the young daughter of Cinna, whom I already loved and who was afterwards my wife and the mother of my only child, Julia, for whom I shall never cease to weep. By such means in the sincerity of my young humanity awoke the instinct of my good Roman blood and from that day through hatred of traitors I, Caesar, was of the people. From that time the enemies of Rome, were my enemies, and striving then for myself, I became what I am, the liberator and healer of the Republic.

POLLIO. It is so. Then let us move.

CAESAR. Look, it is already day-break. This is the hour for most solemn thought. The hour to give the order for the battle. You see the soldiers—I could wish that they had to-day before their eyes as in the past swarms of barbarians of Gaul, of Germany and of Britain, when they arose and beheld their terrible array. But Gods and men have willed that to-day other sights shall be theirs.

SOLDIERS. —When I saw him, it seemed to me that the earth began to tremble.

—What manner of man is he? Ask me who is the enemy I fear and I reply, Caesar. Ask me who is the man I love more than my own father and I reply, Caesar.

CAESAR. Do you hear?

POLLIO. They are the voices of people who run towards the bank from the other side. O Caesar of the thousand souls and thousand eyes, perhaps you expect someone from Rome?

CAESAR. Know, my friend, that the tremendous forces of nature when they are unchained and upheave the face of the earth, are deft as the gentle hands of a girl who adorns her wedding dress. The people are approaching.

SOLDIERS. —Yes, General—

JULIUS CAESAR

- They come from beyond the river !
- Who are they ?
- Oh, they call the General.
- What do they want ?
- Oh, they cross the river !
- They come from Rome !
- They are messengers from Rome !
- Here they are, here they are !

SCENE VI

CAESAR, CURIO, *the tribune*, ANTONY, LUCIUS CAESAR,
other ROMANS, ASINIUS POLLIO, SOLDIERS, CENTURIONS,
PEASANTS

CURIO, ANTONY, LUCIUS CAESAR (*entering with their suite*). Caesar !

ANTONY (*raising his arms and showing himself as a spectacle*). Caesar ! Behold the wretched remains of the tribunate !

CAESAR. Curio, Antonius, Lucius Caesar my young friend, in what condition do you appear before me ? What news do you bring ? Is every hope of peace lost ?

CURIO, ANTONY. We have only just saved our lives !

CAESAR. My soldiers are ready. See, I can only just manage to restrain them. But do you recount to me the facts in their naked truth, without addition or exaggeration, for we are in the presence of the immortal Gods in this hour when we must take the only course necessary for the good of Rome, either to turn back or to go forward to save what our fathers have built in eight hundred years with unheard of toil and immense out-pouring of blood.

ANTONY. Caesar, hasten ! Our friends call you ! All loyal citizens call you ! The People, the Republic, Liberty, Justice, the Fatherland call you ! Hasten ! And

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let it be to-day rather than to-morrow for it is not a question of danger, but of life itself !

CURIO. Caesar, you ask for an unadorned statement of facts ? Hear it in brief. The Senate have declared you a public enemy !

[SOLDIERS *set up a shout.*

Your moderation, your conciliatory proposals have been of no avail ! Of no avail the consent of the People. The decree was promulgated " Let the Consuls see to it that the Republic suffer no harm." Caesar, you and your legions are beyond the pale of the Law.

SOLDIERS. Ah !

ANTONY. And hear further ! We Tribunes assayed a last defence, we interposed the veto. What was the end ? The sacrilege that has never been perpetrated since Rome was Rome, has been consummated against our persons ! We, the inviolable Tribunes of the Plebs, were seized and thrown out of the Senate House.

[SOLDIERS *raise another terrible shout and brandish their weapons.*

Then I too, I confess it, allowed myself to be carried away by passion, and with a mist of blood before my eyes I invoked the vengeance of Heaven upon those who were committing such an outrage against the Tribunate, the bulwark of the Liberty of the Roman People. I invoked, I confess it, all the scourges of civil war, proscriptions, exiles, confiscations, massacres, when I saw Pompey's cut-throats invading the Senate House and when we could only save our lives with difficulty. Fleeing by night as proscribed criminals, in a cart which by entreaties we managed to hire by the way, we have come to Caesar, and stand in your midst.

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SOLDIERS. General ! We have followed you for your sake alone. But now Rome calls us to avenge the tribunate !

ANTONY. Gaius Caesar ! Joining my voice with that of your soldiers, and embracing your knees I, the outraged and outcast Tribune, beseech you to defend the holy laws and sacred institutions of the Roman People.

CAESAR. Fellow-soldiers ! Men of the province. Italians, Romans. I take upon myself and my army the cause of the Tribunate, of the Republic and of liberty. Have I the loyalty of all ?

SOLDIERS. The loyalty of all ! To Rome, to Rome, to Rome, to Rome ! !

CAESAR. On the way to Rome, my heroes !

SOLDIERS. Long live the General !

CAESAR. Forward.

[The COHORTS fall in and march in good order. The trumpets sound. The sun rises.]

Lucius Caesar, I watched you while those furies were talking. (*He strokes his hair.*) You remained calm and it seemed to me that for all your youth you were not without reflection. Go back to Rome and take to the Senate my final proposals. Let Pompey go to his province, let the armies throughout Italy be disbanded and I declare that from now I will submit to all and will suffer all for the love of peace and for the good of the republic.

LUCIUS CAESAR. Caesar ! Is this your declaration ? Whilst you violate the confines of the Republic with your army ?

CAESAR. Do you think so, Lucius ? Sometimes a good captain favours the excess of his soldiers to restrain it.

JULIUS CAESAR

Have faith in Caesar. Go, take my message to the Senate, and go with all speed.

CURIO, ANTONY *and others*. Caesar !

CAESAR. I follow you, my dearest friends, I follow you. Do not fear. We shall do terrible deeds in Rome. See, Asinius, the Republic is, with her own hand, leading the soldiers across the river. The die is cast.

ACT II

ACT II

ACT II

ACT II

THE ROMAN SENATE

SCENE I

SCENE : *The Senate House at Rome*

CATO and CICERO.

[They enter from opposite sides.]

CICERO. Marcus Tullius Cicero salutes thee, O Cato.

CATO. I return thy salutation. (*He goes towards his place, then turns back.*) One day, when I was a boy, a certain Pompedius Sillo asked me to obtain a favour for him from my uncle Drusus. You must know that I did not even answer him, for I did not judge that it was well. I did not answer, even when he held me out of the window saying, "Open your mouth or I drop you down."

CICERO. We know what manner of man you are by the tradition of your family. But to what end is this exordium, my friend?

CATO. Its end is to remind you that, while I live, righteousness is my guide and not expediency and still less fear.

CICERO. Do you think I doubt that?

CATO. Then do not speak ill of me.

CICERO. When have I spoken ill of you? A love for

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the Republic equal to yours can counsel me to a different political creed ; but am I a man who is capable of speaking ill of any man behind his back, much less of a friend and a Cato ? You injure me, my dearest friend, while I no later than yesterday evening while dining with Caecilius lauded you to heaven for your titanic virtues.

CATO. I know your oratorical methods. Did you not say that two Catos are comprised in three words, because my grandfather used to keep saying, " Let Carthage perish," and I am always saying, " Let Caesar perish."

CICERO. I should like to see you less of an enemy to Caesar. That I said and nothing more.

CATO. Less of a friend to the Republic, Marcus Tullius ?

CICERO. But Cato knows that even Marcus Tullius was no timid friend of the Republic one day against Catiline !

CATO. O ye Gods ! Deprive him of speech or let him save the Republic a second time, that he may be silent or change his tune !

CICERO. You sting, Cato.

CATO. I do not sting you in your presence as you sting me in my absence. (*Between his teeth, going to a seat.*) Charlatan ! Man of letters !

CICERO (*between his teeth*). Stick-in-the-mud ! Pedant ! Senseless brute !

SCENE II

CATO, CICERO, FAVONIUS.

FAVONIUS. Master, I salute thee. Father of the Fatherland, I salute thee. Will you tell me why that good friend of ours, Pompey, is calling us together? They say that the Bithynian Harlot, encamped on the territory of the Republic, has sent us a new peace-maker, a young man of no account. Are we called together to make us waste time?

CICERO. Our Pompey will not move a step without the fathers.

FAVONIUS. The dear man! Because he needs them, the cunning fellow. He has made an exchange! Now that Democracy serves him no longer, we serve him. A fine acquisition for the Senate and the ruling caste. What is your opinion, Master? When Magnus supported Caesar in his request for troops and provinces and so made him great, you said to him, "You are putting a yoke upon your neck with your own hands and do not perceive it; but when it begins to weigh upon you, then you will throw yourself into the arms of the Republic and remember Cato's warnings."

CICERO. And ours.

FAVONIUS. True, Father of the Fatherland. But when my master a day or two ago reminded him of that con-

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versation, Magnus replied—"You were a prophet for me, I was a friend to Caesar."

CATO. Will you be quiet, ape.

FAVONIUS. Why ape, my master? (*Seeing PAULUS AEMILIUS and CAELIUS appear.*) The Democracy! (*Trills a song.*)

The Bithynian woman, with grief grew bald,
When the King died.

But other joys has she found here
The Bald Queen of Bithynia.

SCENE III

CATO, CICERO, FAVONIUS, PAULUS AEMILIUS, CAELIUS,
DOLABELLA, *other Caesarian* SENATORS.

PAULUS AEMILIUS (*to* CAELIUS). Who would have said, Caelius, that even the Roman Senate must have its Thersites?

FAVONIUS. And who would have said, Paulus Aemilius, that a descendant of the conqueror of Perseus could be bought at a good price?

PAULUS AEMILIUS *and* CAELIUS. Cripple!

FAVONIUS. Gallic gold, Gallic gold! Good for democracy and the democrats.

DOLABELLA. Who has clipped this cockerel's wings?

FAVONIUS. Paramours of the Paramour of Nicomedes!

[*Enter other Caesarian* SENATORS.]

PAULUS AEMILIUS. When shall we make havoc?

CAELIUS. I should like to see them die one by one.

DOLABELLA. You deceive yourselves, friends. The last of the old Romans was Sulla and Caesar is the first of the new.

PAULUS AEMILIUS. That is to say?

CAELIUS. You mean?

DOLABELLA. I mean that this man will never have recourse to the proscriptions.

PAULUS AEMILIUS. We will force him.

CAELIUS. Surely Caesar is not a man but a symbol of a league, our league.

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DOLABELLA. Words !

PAULUS AEMILIUS *and* CAELIUS. Facts !

DOLABELLA. Words ! Caesar will give you words, but he will not follow you by that way.

PAULUS AEMILIUS. And what will you do then ?

DOLABELLA. I do not know. For my part I am ready to take Caesar by the throat and cry in his ugly face, " Proscriptions or your life ! "

PAULUS AEMILIUS *and* CAELIUS. Dolabella !

DOLABELLA. Quite ready. Rome has two great things to-day, Caesar's enterprises and my debts. I need to recoup myself.

PAULUS AEMILIUS. So do I.

CAELIUS. And what about me ?

DOLABELLA. But who can trust him ? You have seen him. He enters the territory of the Republic, you expect him to advance upon Rome with his proverbial speed, he halts and sends new offers of peace. The truth is that the man is determined to seize upon everything as no one ever was before ; but, belonging to the new race of Romans who are no longer barbarians, he has recourse to expedients. And Homer's Ulysses was a schoolboy by the side of our Roman Ulysses. You will see therefore that we shall not have proscriptions.

CAELIUS. We shall see.

PAULUS AEMILIUS. It may be that he will find the just mean.

DOLABELLA. Or it may be that he will end by effecting no good and displeasing everyone.

PAULUS AEMILIUS. But, in short, is he or is he not a strong man ?

DOLABELLA. Strong ! An adjective ! Caesar is not

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contained in an adjective. You know him as you know me. At heart I do not love him, but, when I am near him, (I feel myself seized by his matchless vitality) He is not a man, but a cosmos, a multitudinous humanity, rigid as iron, quick as the wind, wonderfully sensitive to the least change, capable of letting himself be moulded by all things, to appropriate them for his own use. But with all, I repeat, he has the vice of the times. To-day the sons of the ancient and powerful Roman houses are brought up by the spurious off-spring of a degenerate people, and, my dear friends, Hellenism has enervated the Roman ferocity which was so free and bold.

CAELIUS. That is true.

[Always more and more CAESARIAN SENATORS enter and NON-CAESARIANS too, talking quietly.]

1ST SENATOR (*entering with the others*). All the dregs of Rome and of the provinces are with Caesar.

2ND SENATOR. Yes, but the life too !

3RD SENATOR (*to another who is entering with him*). Then we are agreed. You will help me to get the province upon which I have set my eyes from Caesar ; I will support your request.

4TH SENATOR. Very good.

SENATORS. —Do you hear these voices ?

—Yes, they come from the Forum.

—Doubtless from some part of the Forum.

—A popular tumult ?

—Let us see.

—Look ! they are coming here !

—It is Volcatius with other senators.

—Let us hear.

SCENE IV

SENATORS *and* VOLCATIUS

SENATORS. —Volcatius !

—What news ?

—What has happened ?

VOLCATIUS. Fathers ! Pompey has run a serious peril !

SENATORS. Pompey has run a serious peril ?

VOLCATIUS. Yes, in company with the Consul Lentulus. Just now in the Forum ; they have been attacked by the mob.

SENATORS. —The story !

—The story !

VOLCATIUS. The story is short. Whilst Pompey and the Consul were crossing the Forum to come here, an unknown old man began to shout, “ Pompey, remember Marius and Sulla ! ” It was enough. The crowd went mad, and surrounded them shouting, “ Sulla ! Sulla ! Death to the enemies of the People ! ”

1ST SENATOR. When shall we have finished with these stinking eaters of fried chick-pea ?

2ND SENATOR. My friend, the chick-pea eaters this time will finish with us. Do you think that we are still in the times of Tiberius Gracchus ?

3RD SENATOR. If they only had one head, to cut off at a blow !

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VOLCATIUS. Fathers, keep to the point. There is one thing I would tell you. The episode is not in itself of much importance : Pompey and the Consul have escaped without a scratch ; but as a sign it is serious. It is now certain that the people are all on Caesar's side.

SENATORS. —The People ?

—What ?

—Where are the Roman People ?

1ST SENATOR. But do you tell me—what has become of the Roman People ? This idle rabble, ragged, evil-living, the off-scouring of all the provinces, off-spring of slaves and barbarians, fed at the expense of the public treasury ; that rabble that grovels and swarms through the streets and through the squares. Tell me, sirs, is that, think you, the ancient Roman People ?

2ND SENATOR. Then, sirs, if we must tell the whole truth, where is the august Senate any more ?

SENATORS. —Ah !

—What does he say ?

—Is this a speech for the Senate House ?

—Amongst what people are we ?

VOLCATIUS. Fathers, again I recall you to actual facts. Keep to the fact which is very serious. Whatever the Roman People may be to-day in its decline, it does not follow the Senate, it follows Caesar. What are we to do ? What course of action are we to adopt ?

SENATORS. —You have a mission to discourage us ?

—He has a mission to discourage us.

—Who is more trustworthy here ?

—Take care to whom you speak !

—Keep your distance ! One never knows !

—We are no longer safe in Rome, colleagues.

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—Not even in the Senate House.

CICERO. O woeful times !

A SENATOR (*very old*). It is the end of all time, my dear friend. Who would have told the men of my generation that we should be brought to this ruin ? Even the augurs hide their faces and remain silent when they see the omens that befall in these days.

SENATOR. Are there omens in these days ?

A SENATOR (*very young*). And why not ? Yesterday, for example, there was a sparrow on the roof of the temple of Bellona with a worm in its beak. It put the worm on the stone and divided it in two parts with its beak ; it swallowed one and it dropped the other into the mouth of a priest who was looking up open-mouthed. (*Laughter.*)

ANOTHER SENATOR. Or perchance it was something worse ! (*Laughter.*)

SENATORS. O religion of the Fatherland !

CICERO. O calamitous times !

SCENE V

SENATORS, POMPEY, SCIPIO, *the* CONSUL LENTULUS,
many other SENATORS—*partisans of* POMPEY.

[POMPEY *enters, talking to* SCIPIO, *the*
CONSUL *and many others following him.*

SENATORS. The Gods protect thee, Pompeius Magnus !

POMPEY. Nothing serious, friends. I thank you. Good-day ! Good-day !

SENATORS. Thanks be to the Gods, Lentulus !

LENTULUS. As you see, the good Roman People have spared us. Favonius, bring Plancus here immediately and our other friends who are loyal to the Senate.

FAVONIUS. Yes, Lentulus.

POMPEY (*to* SCIPIO). There is some news which the Consul wishes to keep hidden. Caesar has sent another messenger from the Rubicon with proposals of peace. And now he will be introduced into the Senate by my wishes and against the Consul's plans. You know that no one wishes for peace more than I do, if, especially since the soil of the Republic has been sacrilegiously invaded, it were possible. But Caesar, if he is not a great orator, if he is not a great historian, if he is not above all a great captain, is a very great intriguer and, if we were to follow him in his way with plots and tricks, he would soon get the better of us all. Here on the other hand everyone who

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is present is my master, and the People as you have seen is hostile to me. And therefore, if the quarrel is to end, as we foresee, I would rather that event took place not in Italy, but in the East on the field of my victories, where many peoples and kings are my vassals. There I wish the Consuls and the majority of the Senate to follow me. For where these are, you understand, there to all appearances, is Rome.

SCIPIO. They will follow you.

POMPEY. What do you think of this tiger, Scipio ?

SCIPIO. You mean the Consul Lentulus, my son ?

POMPEY. I do.

SCIPIO. The tiger will follow you like a lap-dog because you hold him by a good leash, that of his debts, my son, for which reason he needs lucrative provinces, and only you can give them to him. Then all will follow you through envy they bear to Caesar, envy which they call Liberty, the Republic, the Fatherland and so forth.

POMPEY. You also will have commands and provinces.

SCIPIO. Yes, new glory of my ancient race ?

POMPEY. Yes. But when I am silent you speak and see that affairs take the turning which I desire and of which I have told you. Spare me as far as you can the annoyance of dealing with these despicable Romans. What did you say about envy ? Do you not think that Pompey is much more to be envied than Caesar ?

LENTULUS (*to FAVONIUS, PLANCUS and others*). You are the model of upright citizens, not only that, but the most severe custodians of the senatorial authority and of laws of your country. It is therefore superfluous to explain to you how these new offers of Caesar's cannot be taken

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into consideration. We decreed upon the 6th of this present month, "Let the Consuls see to it that the Republic take no harm." His reply was to cross the Rubicon. War has been declared upon both sides. Let this be the tenor of your words among our friends.

DOLABELLA (*to the CAESARIANS*). We must maintain that negotiations should again be opened with Caesar, for by that means we shall obtain two good results : first, to spite us negotiations will not be re-opened and secondly, the odium of the result will fall upon our enemies.

CAELIUS, PAULUS AEMILIUS *and* OTHERS. Very well.

DOLABELLA. Come to an understanding also with some neutrals of importance.

CAELIUS. We agree.

PAULUS AEMILIUS. If we could only have Cicero and Cato on our side !

DOLABELLA. My father-in-law as usual has one foot in either camp and is certainly for peace, with his usual timidity. But who can tell what that wild madman Cato will do ?

LENTULUS. I open the proceedings.

SCENE VI

SENATE, LUCIUS CAESAR.

LENTULUS. With the wish that all may be done for the well-being and happiness of the Roman People, I announce, conscript Fathers, that a messenger of Caesar is waiting at the door and craves an audience. Is it the will of the Senate to hear him ? His name is Lucius Caesar.

SENATE. Let him be heard.

LENTULUS. Let him be brought in.

[*Enter LUCIUS CAESAR.*]

LENTULUS. Lucius Caesar, the Senate grants you an audience. Speak.

LUCIUS CAESAR. Fathers, I had gone to Caesar's army to greet my father who is an officer of high rank in that army. Caesar summoned me into his presence and bade me return to Rome and make his desire of peace known to the Senate.

LENTULUS. And what are Caesar's peace proposals ?

LUCIUS CAESAR. He has no proposals. He says : " Let Pompeius retire to his province, let the conscripts be disbanded throughout Italy, and I declare that from that moment I submit myself in everything and will endure all for the love of peace and the welfare of the Republic."

LENTULUS. Where was this speech made ?

LUCIUS. Caesar was crossing the Rubicon with

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his troops. I remarked that to him, but he replied that he was appearing to yield to the violence of his troops so as to check them in time.

CAELIUS. Consul, I desire to speak.

LENTULUS. Speak, Marcus Caelius.

CAELIUS. The Senate knows and the People knows my feelings for Caesar. I am certainly among those who are most closely bound to him. I do not conceal nor diminish my friendship, above all because I may soon be called upon to answer for it. But I tell you, however great was my attachment to Caesar, it is now increased, now that he gives me the means of reconciling my devotion for him with that greater one which I must have and have for Rome. My opinion, Fathers, is that Caesar in deciding to cross the Rubicon for the honourable and sincere motive that has been declared to us, has with a final proposal of peace made good provision for his own glory and for the weal of the Republic. I think therefore that seeing that he has once again come to meet the Senate, the Senate ought surely to receive him and not disdain to re-open peace negotiations with him.

DOLABELLA, PAULUS AEMILIUS *and* OTHER CAESARIANS. —We assent.

—Caesar's message should be accepted.

—Both Caesar and the Senate equally wish for peace.

CICERO. Consul, I desire to speak.

LENTULUS. Speak, Marcus Tullius.

CICERO. It is a comfort to me and doubtless to you also, this new move of Caesar's followed by the assent of his friends. I believe that Caesar is to-day sincerely repentant and understands the gravity of the steps he has taken. This is my solemn conviction : either he changed before,

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or after crossing the Rubicon on the sacred soil of the Fatherland which he had violated and which awakens implacable remorse. To-day therefore, Fathers, for the weal of the Republic, for the welfare of the Fatherland, for the safety of the Empire, let us bind him with his own proposal and let us see to it with him that we prevent a civil war, that would be greater than all the wars in all nations and of all times that have ever stained the earth with blood. Because, O Fathers, if the first authors of such terrible wars, those who had no model to follow, were so cruel in their oppression of the Republic, so much more would be their successors. By human rivalry in wickedness which is more widespread than in good, these would aim at doing as much as was done before, and each would delight to add something. Let us return to ourselves, conscript Fathers. I say that men may wander far, indulging their ambitions and their greed, but when the crisis comes, everyone must withdraw into the intimacy of his own conscience where the Immortal Gods have placed a sacred law which must be observed at the cost of life itself. That law, Fathers, is inviolable and sovran to-day for all of us who are Romans ; it is the love of our Fatherland. Because our forbears with a virtue and a spirit of sacrifice of which the world knows no equal, created this masterpiece that men call Rome, we, since it is not granted to us to increase it, must pass it on not diminished to the generations to come. In the name of this mighty Rome I speak to you Fathers, and I invite you to inform Caesar of your acquiescence in his new proposals of wise moderation.

CATO. I speak, Consul. My opinion is similar though I have fewer illusions about Caesar, the violater of the confines of his Fatherland. Pompeius, you and Caesar are

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equally a bane to the Republic. And it would be good for Rome if your enmity destroyed you both. But since things are as they are, since you have both war in your hearts, the Senate alone remains for the cause of peace, and so much the more is the obligation laid upon it to maintain the peace. And therefore, conscript Fathers, with whatever intention an offer is made to us to compose the difference, we ought to reply that we are ready. This is the position. Let the Senate and the People of Rome know that Cato prefers slavery to civil war.

POMPEIAN SENATOR. Fathers ! Are we abiding by the law ? On the 6th of the month the Decree was approved and promulgated, " Let the Consuls see to it that the Republic take no harm." Even if Caesar had not replied by crossing the confine of the Republic, would the law allow us to turn back upon deliberations already taken ?

POMPEIAN SENATORS. —No—

—This was the final and immutable will of the Senate and let it stand.

—Caesar was declared a public enemy, so let him remain.

—The Decree was promulgated, " Let the Consuls see to it." Let it stand !

—War was proclaimed—let it be war !

LENTULUS. I put this proposal to the vote.

CICERO, CATO *and others*. Consult ! Consult again !

POMPEIAN SENATORS. No ! Let it be war !

CICERO *and others*. Let Pompey be questioned. He is the chief party in the case !

SCIPIO. The case of Pompey cannot but be that of the Republic and the Senate. Pompey is the devoted servant of the Senate !

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POMPEIAN SENATORS. —That is true !

—Enough ! Enough !

—To the Vote ! to the Vote !

—Let us move !

A SENATOR. Fathers, what are you doing ? Stay ! I belong neither to Caesar nor to Pompey. You can listen to me. Hear me, Consul. Let it never be written in the history of Rome, that when Caesar's friends wished for peace, those who called themselves friends of the Senate and the Republic would not have it !

DOLABELLA. Excellently said. And since it is so, let us propose that the Senate elect Pompey himself to treat with Caesar.

SCIPIO. Pompey is a party in the cause, as was said ! Therefore he cannot treat with Caesar !

CAELIUS. Why are you raging, Scipio ? Who has injured you ? Cannot Pompey then receive the orders of the Senate ?

PAULUS AEMILIUS. And treat on behalf of the Senate with Caesar ?

POMPEIAN SENATORS. He cannot !

CICERO. O Consul ! Make distinction. The message is one thing and the messenger another. Put the proposal of negotiations to the vote and we shall find the man afterwards to whom we may entrust them.

LENTULUS. Enough ! The Consul puts nothing to the vote ! He recalls the Decree of the 6th, recalls that Caesar is on the territory of the Republic, exhorts the Senate to respect its own deliberations, and cuts short useless discussion. (*To LUCIUS CAESAR.*) You are dismissed.

[*Exit LUCIUS CAESAR.*]

CATO. All alike ! You all want war !

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DOLABELLA *and the other CAESARIANS (to the POMPEIANS)*. You are the Cause !

POMPELAN SENATORS. It is you !

CATO. All alike ! All alike ! Destroyers of Rome !
All alike !

DOLABELLA. Rome is with us !

POMPELAN SENATORS. The Republic is with us !

[Tumult at the doors.]

SENATORS. —What is it "now" ?

—The People are roused—The Forum is in tumult !

—It is Trebonius !

—He seems to have grave news !

—Let us hear, let us hear !

SCENE VII

SENATE *and* TREBONIUS.

TREBONIUS (*entering*). Colleagues, from Umbria, from Picenum, from Etruria, fugitives have arrived !

SENATORS. Fugitives !

TREBONIUS. Before Caesar !

SENATORS. Before Caesar ?

FAVONIUS *and others*. Some one is a traitor here !

DOLABELLA *and others*. Who is the traitor ?

POMPEIAN SENATORS. There is some traitor !

CAELIUS, PAULUS AEMILIUS *and other* CAESARIANS. There is no traitor ! Where is the treachery ?

SENATORS. On all sides !

LENTULUS. Silence ! (*To TREBONIUS.*) Tell us, from whom have you the news ?

TREBONIUS. From the Forum, my colleagues ! Lepidus, the hounds of Curio and Antony, the Publicans, the usurers and their debtors, the remnant of the Marian and Catilianarian dregs, the Transpadine Gauls, the Jews have gone round with their money and promises among the disaffected people. They repeat that Pompey should parley with Caesar. Salvito, the lewd freedman of Clodius, mimics Pompey from the Rostrum. When all of a sudden from the Forum in uproar the cry is raised,

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“Long live Caesar.” The arrival of the fugitives had become known. Listen !

SENATORS. Let them be given audience.

LENTULUS. Bring them in, Trebonius.

[*Exit* TREBONIUS.]

FAVONIUS *and others*. There is some traitor here !

1ST SENATOR. Where is the treachery ?

2ND SENATOR. In the terror of all !

POMPEY. Now the Senate understands my silence. I have not wished to influence your deliberations, my friends, but I knew Caesar's double game well : to appear to treat and to strike. He uses against the Republic and against me his friend and kinsman, methods which he used to ill purpose against the barbarians of Gaul.

SCENE VIII

SENATE, LIBO, THERMUS, ATTIVS VARUS, LUCIVS
MANLIUS.

SENATORS (*one by one to those who enter*). Marcus Libo ! Thermus ! Attivs Varus ! Manlius !

LENTULUS. You speak first, Libo.

LIBO. Fathers, a Roman soldier who has had to retreat, does not ask for pardon.

SENATORS. We know that you are valiant soldiers and captains. Tell your tale.

LENTULUS. You, Libo, commanded the garrison of Arretium.

LIBO. It is even so. The tribune Antony presented himself before the walls in the name of Caesar and all the citizens went to meet him as to a liberator.

LENTULUS. And you, Thermus, held Iguvium.

THERMUS. Curio came to Iguvium with three cohorts in the name of Caesar. I had five and the hearts of the soldiers were with me ; the men of Iguvium too were well-disposed towards me. I had made all dispositions for the defence. But the name of Caesar had hardly sounded in the air, when the minds of all were changed. Curio was borne in triumph within the city by my very soldiers and I was assailed by hisses and showers of stones.

LENTULUS. And you, Attivs Varus ?

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ATTIUS VARUS. Caesar himself came in person to Auximum. But the Decurions of the city surrounded me and said to me, "If Rome is in discord, Auximum will know nought of it. She only knows that Caesar has deserved well at the hands of the Republic, and for that reason we advise you not to shut the gates in his face, for the people would not endure it." Having understood this, I led the garrison out to fight beyond the walls, but Caesar's men had scarcely appeared when mine cast down their arms.

LENTULUS. You, Manlius, were at Asculum. Did Caesar come there too?

MANLIUS. Yes, nor could I tell a different tale from that of my colleagues. By the way I met Vibullius Rufus, whom you, Pompeius Magnus, had sent to your native Picenum to urge those peoples to loyalty. Nothing can stand before Caesar's onrush. "I have not come from my province to injure anyone," he keeps saying, "but merely to defend myself from my enemies, and restore to its dignities the Tribunate, the defence of the Roman People." He is believed, and even before his arrival, the minds of all are seized by a passion and a longing for him. He is not Romulus, not Numa, not Sulla, nor Marius nor Gaius Gracchus, but all our ancestors who did great deeds in peace or war united in one man, whose spirit is of a greatness and of a nature unknown, and there the wills of men and of peoples lose themselves as if shipwrecked in a desolate sea. He advances preceded by the rumour of his victories and by his alluring promises, and you would say that three Gods had willed to honour him royally, since Mars has placed death at his command, Apollo persuasion and Bacchus drunkenness. You would

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call his soldiers and captains the executors of a lofty justice ; they cross the country as tamed lions, and Antony himself drinks no more nor dances, but vies in abstinence with thee, O Cato. Every soul depends upon Caesar, and flies or remains motionless, as an arrow sped by his hand or closed in his quiver. It is the dawn of a new age, O fathers !

[CAESARIAN SENATORS *break into applause.*

THE OTHER SENATORS. What a scandal !

1ST SENATOR. Is the enemy of his country praised and applauded in the very Senate ?

3RD SENATOR. Why is the Senate silent ?

LENTULUS. Fathers ! Shall I consign this wretched young man to the executioner ? Order it and I will do it.

MANLIUS. If you would listen to reason and not your own rage, you should decree me a reward, because after having seen Caesar, I still serve the Republic. Then you can hand me over to the executioner, but not the youth of Rome and of Italy.

[CAESARIAN SENATORS *applaud.*

1ST SENATOR. Then does Caesar dismay us even in a fugitive's words ?

FAVONIUS. There is some traitor here.

LENTULUS (*to the fugitives*). Hence, hence.

2ND SENATOR (*to his neighbour*). See how pale Pompeius Magnus is. It is the viper of envy that gnaws at his heart.

3RD SENATOR. Yes, my friend. Ages to come will see that pallor through a sea of blood.

2ND SENATOR. Friend, you attach too great importance to Pompey. Envy gnaws at the heart of that poor old man once great, it is true, but Rome is bleeding for a very different cause.

SCENE IX

SENATE.

1ST SENATOR (*to POMPEY*). The Senate wishes to know what forces we have to oppose to Caesar.

POMPEY. Two legions at Capua. The levies will give thirty thousand more conscripts.

2ND SENATOR. Then you have betrayed us, indeed, Pompey, for whereas you said all was ready, now we find ourselves well-nigh unarmed against the rebel.

FAVONIUS. Stamp now with your foot and let us see if the soldiers spring up !

POMPEY (*rises*). Well, they will assuredly spring up, provided that you follow me out of Rome, and out of Italy, if need be. Why do you complain ? Themistocles, is it not true, bade the Athenians seek their Fatherland on the ships, and I tell you that it is not places and walls that give strength and liberty to brave men ; they have these qualities in themselves wherever they may be. Why in fine do you complain, my masters ? Let us speak out clearly once at least. You do not give to me, but I to you. I have brought more than half the world to the help of the right side, while the part Rome offers me is the worst of all, that which its own time has made. Such is the final tragedy of the man, who all through his life has known how to merit the most prosperous lot. Let the Senate

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issue a decree to carry from Rome the public monies and follow me. I alone can save you still. Woe to those who for love of their own houses and their own goods will fail to fight for the Fatherland !

[Exit precipitately followed by the CONSUL, SCIPIO and his other partisans.]

SCENE X

SENATORS.

SENATORS. Treachery !

1ST SENATOR. We are abandoned without defence.

2ND SENATOR. What will become of us far from Rome and in the hands of a traitor ?

3RD SENATOR. All the thunderbolts of Jove upon thy head, accursed Pompey !

4TH SENATOR. O Fatherland, Fatherland !

5TH SENATOR. Treachery ! Treachery !

2ND SENATOR. So are we taken unawares and the traitor, Pompey, has us in his power.

SENATORS. O Fatherland, Fatherland, Fatherland ! We are betrayed by Pompey and the Consuls, and we have Caesar as our enemy !

1ST SENATOR. But Caesar is at least an open enemy, while our traitors were among us in the very Senate.

2ND SENATOR. Caesar will come !

SENATORS. Caesar will come, Caesar will come !

—Where is Caesar ?

—Caesar the terror !

—Is he still near the Rubicon or is he at the gates of Rome ?

—Why do we know nothing more of him ?

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—This too is treachery !

—They have kept us completely in the dark !

1ST SENATOR. Must we either flee after Pompey or await Caesar's vengeance ?

2ND SENATOR. They say that Caesar now sheds no blood, but who will assure us for to-morrow ?

3RD SENATOR. In Gaul he has committed unheard of slaughters.

CICERO. I think, my colleagues, that the cause of Pompeius is beyond compare better than that of Caesar, so much better that from many aspects it might be considered the cause of the Republic itself. But I would that there were a Caesar and not a Pompeius to sustain it, for the former has far the greater vigour to defend himself and his friends.

4TH SENATOR. You mean, Marcus Tullius, that a change ought to be made between the two causes and their two supporters ?

CICERO. Exactly.

SENATORS. How true that is.

OTHERS. Quite so.

OTHERS. Caesar undoubtedly inspires more trust.

OTHERS. Undoubtedly. A different man. He is what he is, but a different man. He who has had experience of him can vouch for it.

SENATOR. One needs but to see his face.

5TH SENATOR. The causes, the causes. They are abstract arguments. But those who sustain them are men and their acts leave a mark.

6TH SENATOR. And why not believe Caesar, even when he says that he has only made a move to restore the rights of the Tribune ?

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1ST SENATOR. If this were so, in what would the cause of Pompey be better than that of Caesar ?

2ND SENATOR. In short, is Pompey's cause really that of the Republic ? Let us discuss and distinguish once for all.

3RD SENATOR. Let us distinguish and discuss. But what is the Republic ? Senate and People. People and Senate. Senate and People of Rome, it is written. The Republic is divided into two parts, Senate and People. Very good, suppose Pompey can boast that he is more the champion of the former, the Senate, and Caesar more the champion of the latter, the People.

CICERO. On that subject my mind is greatly perplexed. But certainly it is necessary also to remember that Caesar's proposals were conciliatory and his demands most moderate. My good Cato, between us we can come to a better understanding. Tell me. Has not some change taken place within you too, my friend ? Have you too not had a crisis of conscience ?

CATO. Why ask me, while a Favonius can answer you in a way to make you blush. I can show my transitory thought to you and to others, but not impart my constant soul.

DOLABELLA. You, my father-in-law, have the good fortune to have me in the camp of the invincible Caesar. Follow me.

CAELIUS. Listen, Tullius. Whilst it is a battle of words, one holds with the just, but when it comes to blows one holds with the strong.

CICERO. O calamitous times ! Within me is a terrible conflict ! O for my home at Formiae.

[Tumult in the Forum.]

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SENATORS. —What is happening now ?
—The Forum raises its stormy voice again !
—What is happening ?
—Oh !

SCENE XI

SENATORS *and the tribune* METELLUS.

METELLUS. Fathers !

SENATORS. Tribune Metellus !

METELLUS. Caesar !

SENATORS. Caesar ?

METELLUS. Caesar is in Rome ! !

SENATORS. Ah ! (*They huddle in a corner.*)

METELLUS. The news of Pompey's flight has spread in the Forum. Rage is upon all faces. If a client of Pompey passes, he is torn to pieces. Of a sudden a rumour spread—"Antony and Curio are in the Forum in disguise !" A sudden cry, "To the Flaminian Gate." Quickly two men threw themselves upon horses ready saddled, and fled by the Sacred way. Behold ! Caesar is at the Flaminian Gate !

[SENATORS *give forth cries smothered by terror.*]

On horseback, bareheaded, turning pleasantly towards Asinius Pollio. The guards of the gate fled, the crowd gave back at the sight of him and upon all faces of enemies and friends alike there was a lightning flash of terror. Caesar, stopping at the gate, lightly shook the reins of his horse with a human foot on account of which the augurs have promised him the Empire of the world, and advanced with a face as calm as if he were a country gentleman returning home at dusk. A few friends fol-

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lowed him, but none armed. Then such frenzy seized upon all that no triumphant general ever had such clamourous acclamations. Fathers, I, lost in the popular whirlwind, felt a desire to kill him or to embrace his knees. I have run to you. O Fathers ! Fathers ! As from the fire the spark derives heat to burn, so have I gained from him alone and his greatness the force to resist him.

[Tumult approaches.]

SENATORS. He is coming here ! Let us flee.

[They escape.]

[CAESARIAN SENATORS go out to meet
CAESAR.]

SCENE XII

CATO *alone.*

CATO. O Senate of my Fatherland ! O Senate of my Fatherland ! O Senate of my Fatherland ! A breath of time, a wandering atom, a manikin more wretched than I, can come against thee who didst appear the eternal force of Rome, can come to destroy thee with a smile upon his lips, and thou dost flee after a lewd cripple ! Alas ! Alas ! Alas ! Furies of the Universe, spirits of adverse nature, lightnings, tempests and disease, be ye unchained, strike, destroy, blot out every trace of men and of their works, since that which was the wonder of the world, the Senate of Rome, is dead !

[*Exit.*

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SCENE XIII

CAESAR, POLLIO, ANTONY, CURIO, DOLABELLA, CAELIUS,
LEPIDUS *and a great throng of other CAESARIANS.*

CAESAR. Here we are, my friends, in the Cloaca Maxima of the Republic.

ANTONY, DOLABELLA *and others.* Caesar ! Let us purify Rome and the Empire.

CAESAR. Here was the nest of all corruption and of all rapine.

ANTONY, DOLABELLA *and others.* It is true, Caesar.

CAESAR. From here set forth the spoilers of the provinces.

ANTONY, DOLABELLA *and others.* O Caesar, that is so.

CAESAR. Hence issued the corruption of the law-courts and the mutinies of the legions.

ANTONY, DOLABELLA *and others.* It is truly so, great Caesar.

CAESAR. Here the oligarchical demagogues with the plunder of public treasury bought the alliance of plebeian lawlessness.

ANTONY, DOLABELLA *and others.* Let us strike at the roots, dear Caesar.

CAESAR. Here, my friends, the destruction of Rome and of the Empire was well-nigh accomplished.

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ANTONY, DOLABELLA *and others*. To the very quick, Caesar ! Let us penetrate to the quick with the healing iron, with the purifying fire.

CAESAR. But meanwhile we must call together the flower of the Roman citizens. Go, friends, knock at the doors of the best, give them my greeting and bid them come here.

CURIO AND CAELIUS. We will do your will, Caesar.

[*Exeunt.*]

CAESAR. Lepidus, remember above all that great Roman who speaks too much in Greek.

LEPIDUS. To whom do you allude, Caesar ?

CAESAR. I allude to Marcus Tullius Cicero. You, Dolabella, will make your relationship avail with the great orator. A letter which he wrote to his brother, Quintus, when he was governing his province of Asia comes to my mind. Quintus used always to carry it with him during the Gallic wars and he read it to me the night we were watching beside the Rhine, waiting for the soldiers to finish their work of constructing the bridge so that we might pass. " Let the Fasces and the axes," wrote Marcus Tullius, " be the insignia of your dignity rather than of your power. And let it appear to all the province that the welfare, the children, the fame, the chattels of all who are under your government are dear to you." My Roman friends, a new spirit comes from the East, as from the fresh breath of the fading night the living murmur that announces the dawn. The verbose Cicero has a particle of that spirit and to the generations to come his immortal mouth will speak things unforeseen of us and our fierce life. Go and bring him to me with good grace.

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LEPIDUS *and* DOLABELLA. If this is your wish, we will attempt it.

[*Exeunt.*

CAESAR. Antonius, come here. You know that in the temple of Saturn the sacred treasure is kept, known also as the Treasure of the Gauls. Our forefathers decreed, that it might only be used in case of a new invasion of the descendants of Brennus. Now I have thought, that these, thanks to me, are no longer in a position to hurt the Republic. And therefore the treasure of the Gauls comes in good right to me. Go and take it.

ANTONY. Yes, General, gladly.

[*Exit with the OTHERS.*

SCENE XIV

CAESAR, POLLIO, *the centurion* CASSIUS SCAEVA.

CAESAR. Asinius, bid them be silent at the door.

POLLIO. The Roman People already carries you in triumph, Caesar.

CAESAR. Give the order. Let the Veterans keep the crowd at a distance, I beg you, Asinius.

POLLIO. Caesar, it is done. Rome is silent. Rome hangs upon your will.

CAESAR. I beg you again, Asinius, the centurion Cassius Scaeva should be with the Veterans. I wish to see the face of one of my legionaries here. Let him come.

POLLIO. Yes, Caesar.

[*Enter* CASSIUS SCAEVA.

Cassius Scaeva is here and awaits your orders.

CAESAR. Cassius Scaeva, I have noticed that you have not left me all along the way to the Senate House.

CASSIUS SCAEVA. It is my duty, General.

CAESAR. I have noticed your faithful affection and I will remember you. Now I wish to entrust to you a delicate mission. You know where my father-in-law, Lucius Piso, lives?

CASSIUS SCAEVA. I know the road and the house, General.

CAESAR. In that house my wife, Calpurnia, lives with

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her father. You will take her this letter. And listen. You will give it to her. She will ask you innumerable questions about me. You will tell her that you have left me just this moment prosperous and happy and that all goes well. Add that after many years I shall very soon see her again. Go, Cassius Scaeva, my faithful fellow-soldier.

[*Exit* CASSIUS SCAEVA.]

CAESAR. Asinius, do you wish to know the soul of Calpurnia ? I wrote nothing to her before setting out for Rome. I did not entreat her nor forbid her to come to meet me. Let her do as she would. Very well, Calpurnia is impetuous and eager, as I have never known another woman. During the last ten years she has flown to meet me with all her soul. But she has not stirred from home. She has not sent me a word. And that father of hers, that strange old man, has not shown himself. I am sure that she detains him. She knows that, when I enter Rome after this fashion I do not belong to her and in her prudence Calpurnia remains in the shade. A woman ? My consort ? Indescribably more, because she can be indescribably less. When we were united, she knew how to adorn herself always with the virtue of which I had need and came to me with infinite sweetness. She was silence when I had need of silence ; shade when I had need of shade ; repose when I had need of repose. She was a fount of pure water for my thirst. She was strength and courage to support my strength and courage. And she was fidelity to equal that of my most faithful legionary. And yet after so many years of separation here am I, my friend, and I have not yet set foot within my house ! Do you hear ? There are shouts from the Forum.

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POLLIO. I hear. The people renew their shouts of joy, their triumphal salutation.

CAESAR. Asinius, do you think that Rome could have a king again ?

POLLIO. Why ask me that, General ? Where does your winged thought soar ?

CAESAR. Not beyond my simple and precise question. So I will answer you and I will tell you if Rome could have a king, you would be a most excellent courtier. Asinius, you have often seen my bare face beneath the mask. Be sincere as in those hard and dark days, when our friendship began. Do not change for me, as I have not changed for you. I had it already in mind to tell you this as we were crossing the Rubicon. The cries of the Forum are hostile, I repeat. And your Caesar does not heed small details, as he should, and has committed a gross error, in sending that savage Antony for the Treasure. The little things are terrible and when you have conquered the great ones, they conquer you. Here is Antony.

SCENE XV

CAESAR, POLLIO, ANTONY, *the Tribune* METELLUS.

CAESAR. Antony, have you stirred up strife?

ANTONY. No, General. I have borne myself with the utmost moderation. I went very quietly to the Temple of Saturn and when I saw this young tribune on the threshold and understood that he intended to oppose the task you had commanded precisely, because I did not wish to stir up strife nor shed blood, I said to him, "Let us make no tumult, let us go to Caesar and he will decide." He followed me. Only a few of the rabble then began to shout that we wanted to carry off the tribune. But now, listen, they have ceased already.

CAESAR. Go and take it, as I bade you.

METELLUS. You shall not pass, Antonius.

ANTONY. I shall pass, if Caesar is not too patient.

CAESAR. Caesar is patient enough, but he does not love to have his patience wearied.

METELLUS. You shall not pass, Antonius, because in the absence of the Consuls and the Senate, I remain here to defend the public money against an usurper.

ANTONY. You would not speak so twice, if Caesar would only once give ear to Antony.

CAESAR. Caesar will give ear to Antony, if his will is still opposed.

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METELLUS. Antonius, you shall not pass. And, even if you do, I will not be silent, as hitherto, but I will run to the temple and standing at the gate I will call together the People with my own voice and I alone for all will accuse you and the man whose slave you are.

CAESAR (*terribly*). Young man, I will have you put to death.

ANTONY. Great General ! Let us begin !

CAESAR. Know that for me it is more difficult to say it than to do it.

ANTONY. General ! Let us at last make an example !

CAESAR. Young man, you have a hero's heart. Follow life, follow me.

METELLUS. No.

CAESAR. Get you gone then. You, Antonius, execute my orders. And, if the Temple door is shut, break it down. Go.

SCENE XVI

CAESAR, POLLIO, LEPIDUS, DOLABELLA, CITIZENS, *then*
CURIO *with a great throng of other* CITIZENS.

LEPIDUS. Many noble citizens would pay you homage, Caesar.

CAESAR. Is Cicero among them ?

DOLABELLA. He has already left for his villa at Formiae.

CAESAR. I am grieved, but I shall not cease to be his friend. Let the noble citizens enter.

CITIZENS. Hail, unconquered Caesar !

CAESAR. Greetings to you, my friends. Greetings, greetings.

CURIO (*entering*). The flower of the citizens wish to greet you, Caesar.

CAESAR. They are all welcome, all welcome.

CITIZENS. Hail, unconquered Caesar !

CAESAR. My friends, my friends. I greet you. Fellow-citizens, I will say but few words ; I ask but a brief reply. I am silent as to the past, the injuries done me, my patience in enduring them, my discretion in asking legitimate honours and the obstinacy of my enemies in denying me all, my pliancy and good faith, the stubbornness and double-dealing of others, the very majesty of the Republic outraged in the laws that were violated to do injury to me, in the persons of the tribunes of the Plebs who were

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cast out to wrong me. You are just, fellow-citizens, and you honour me with your presence ; in respect to the past then, condemn my enemies and absolve me. For the present and the future I ask you : " Will you work with me for the healing of the Republic ? " I entreat you. But if you will not, I by myself feel in a position to heal and to govern the Republic and the Empire, knowing that the Immortal Gods and Rome are upon my side. I will disturb no one. Going from here, you can return to your houses or to your villas, follow me or others. You are free to choose.

CITIZENS. We stay with you, Gaius Caesar.

CAESAR. Thanks, friends, and may the Immortal Gods assist us. Now you must consider that of old here were the heart and brain of Rome, here was the force, here the unity—the unity which it is true was called the Senate. The thought of the public good united all, moderated passions, prevented factions, and the Senate of old worked wonders, made you, Romans, lords of the world. But the institutions of our forefathers have a shorter life than the Republic. And so it happened that to-day, while Rome and the Empire flourish and are full of life, the Senate is no more, its glorious body is falling to pieces and its name is usurped by a band of ruffians, my enemies, your enemies, who over-ride loyal citizens, foment strife and discord in the city and exercise the high imperial government over the provinces by spoiling them. Is this not true ?

CITIZENS. Caesar, it is true.

CAESAR. Then there are but two alternatives : either Rome and the Empire must perish or a successor must be given to the old Senate.

JULIUS CAESAR

CITIZENS. Caesar ! Save Rome and the Empire !

OTHER CITIZENS (*young men*). Caesar ! Free life and youth from the corruption of old age and the dead weight of ruins.

CAESAR. Then you recognise my good right to set myself at the head of the Republic ?

CITIZENS (*young men*). Yes, Caesar ! Long live Caesar !

OTHER CITIZENS. We recognise that this is essential.

CAESAR. This then is the bond between you and me in the name of Rome ?

CITIZENS. This is the bond.

CAESAR. Then let my fellow-citizens know before all, that, if I was a partisan, to-day behold I am no longer. I am no more either of the Sullan faction or of the Marian, neither of the patricians nor of the plebians, but I am Roman Caesar, of the Roman People, born of its most ancient and noble blood, and I am come to create a new and a great unity. And with it peace.

CITIZENS. —Yes, Caesar ! Peace, peace. Give us true concord and peace !

—Peace, peace

A CITIZEN. From its foundation the Roman People has fought without truce during ages and ages. It will fight still as long as shall be necessary. But within the walls at least let it have concord and peace.

CITIZENS. Peace, Caesar, peace !

—Give us peace and we will worship you as a second Romulus.

—Peace, peace !

CAESAR. Such is my intention, my fellow-citizens.

JULIUS CAESAR

Peace shall be established upon foundations that cannot be shaken.

[Cries of anger come from the Forum.]

CITIZENS. What is that?

CAESAR *(to some of his followers)* .Go and see.

[Exit DOLABELLA, LEPIDUS, CURIO and others.]

A CITIZEN. I tell you these are cries of revolt.

CITIZENS. We are of that opinion too.

2ND CITIZEN. How could you think that Caesar could win the day?

3RD CITIZEN. If this is the case, if the People is not with him, what are we doing here? It is as I said. Let us go away.

4TH CITIZEN. If Caesar has not might on his side, what else has he? Certainly not right, as he was pretending just now. Let us go then, let us leave here the striplings, the innocents, the fanatical rabble and let us go.

CITIZENS. Let us go, let us abandon him to himself—
Let us hand him over to the rage of the People—
Listen how the shouting grows.

Come! Come!

LEPIDUS AND OTHERS *(returning)*. Caesar!

DOLABELLA. Antony is shut up in the Temple of Saturn, and of the people, roused by the tribune Metellus, some surround the temple and some rebel against you, Caesar!

CAESAR. The anger of the terrible Gods! So let it be then. Forward, my veterans.

[LEPIDUS, DOLABELLA, CURIO, rush out.]
[Terrible cries come from the Forum, then silence.]

JULIUS CAESAR

CITIZENS. Caesar hits hard !

CAESAR. Romans, men changing as the face of fortune ! Do not set an ambush behind my back, while I break down the obstacles before me, which destiny raises without truce.

ANTONY (*from without at the top of his voice*). General !

SCENE XVII

CAESAR, CITIZENS, ANTONY *and other* CAESARIANS.

ANTONY. Caesar, all is done. The rabble is in flight and the Treasure is in our hands.

CAESAR. Very Good. As for you, citizens, we have been interrupted, but to-day I have nothing more to say to you. The proposals that I intended to put forward, you shall know at a suitable time. Now you may go. I thank you for coming and I bid you farewell.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS.]

SCENE XVIII

CAESAR *and the* CAESARIANS.

CAESAR. Here the soil is treacherous and victory awaits us in the world war. Let us snatch our repose and away.

CAESARIANS. Fury of Caesar, behold it !

OTHER CAESARIANS. Destiny of Caesar, we will follow you through the whole world.

OTHER CAESARIANS. Unfold your vast design upon lands and seas and impart your commands to each one of us.

CAESAR. And so I will. To you, Lepidus, I entrust the prefecture of the city ; to you Curio and Pollio, I give three legions for Sicily and Africa. One to you, Valerius for Sardinia. To you, Gaius Antonius, Illyricum. Marcus Crassus, you shall govern Cisalpine Gaul. You, Dolabella and you Antonius, take command of the fleets that are preparing on the Upper and Lower seas. You, Albinus, will move upon Massilia, and you, Fabius, will cross the Pyrenees with three legions and I myself will join you in Spain. So the West will be ours. Then we will cross into the East which is for Pompeius and there will be the last struggle. And we shall conquer.

CAESARIANS. Yes, Caesar General, we shall conquer.

*[They raise their arms and salute CAESAR.
He returns it.]*

ACT III

ACT III

ACT III

ACT III

PHARSALIA

SCENE I

SCENE : *Pharsalia. A vast plain crossed by the river Enipeus. Mountains in the distance.*

SOLDIERS of POMPEY and of CAESAR. HORTENSIUS and others of CAESAR'S suite.

CAESAR'S SOLDIERS (*rush in from the left shouting*).
Venus Victrix !

POMPEY'S SOLDIERS (*reply from the right with clouds of arrows*). Hercules invictus !

[Some POMPEIANS appear fighting.

CAESAR (*taking a shield from a soldier of his suite advances among the front ranks*). Penetrate into the enemy ranks and cry, "Surrender, Caesar pardons all. We do not wish to shed our brothers' blood, but only to punish Pompey's barbarian allies."

CAESAR'S SOLDIERS. Venus Victrix !

CAESAR. Advance and fight bravely.

[CAESAR'S SOLDIERS advance, but for an instant they hesitate ; they stop, and a standard-bearer turns to flee.

CAESAR (*leaps upon him and seizes him by the neck*).

JULIUS CAESAR

There is the enemy, standard-bearer. (*He hurls him against the enemy.*)

CAESAR'S SOLDIERS. The Thracians !

CAESAR. The Thracians and Galatians and Syrians and Armenians and the Barbarians of the Caucasus, of Scythia, and of Parthia, and as many peoples as Asia and the Isles contain and as many peoples as Greece and the Isles contain. And you are a handful of men, but you must win. And if you do not yet know the enemy, know that they are without number, foot and horse, and when you have penetrated into their midst, you will seem to be lost in an endless forest. But you will destroy them like flame and fire. Among so many peoples some are certainly unwarlike and cowardly, but others are more terrible in war than Gauls and Germans. But you who have stormed eight hundred cities, subdued three hundred nations, destroyed three million combatants, must win for the love of Caesar.

SOLDIERS. Terrible Caesar !

CAESAR. Advance, source of Caesar's terror.

SOLDIERS. Caesar, we will !

[*They hurl themselves upon the enemy, shouting.*]

Venus Victrix !

[*They disappear.*]

SCENE II

CAESAR, *other companies led by the centurion* CRASTINUS.

CAESAR (*to CRASTINUS who enters with his companies*).
We conquer, Crastinus?

CRASTINUS. Caesar, we conquer and you shall praise me alive or dead.

CAESAR. So have my fellow-soldiers who went before you replied. Therefore is victory assured and for you it but remains to fight for the honour of being first.

SOLDIERS. General! For you we shall be the first.

CAESAR. The first.

SOLDIERS. Yes, Caesar, dear General of ours, the first. And you shall punish us if others pass before us!

[*They hurl themselves against the enemy and disappear.*]

SCENE III

CAESAR *and other bands lead by PULFIO and VARENUS.*

CAESAR. Pulfio, Varenus, we must finish the war to-day. This is the last day of fighting against Romans. Afterwards I will lead you against Barbarians.

VARENUS. We will follow you, Caesar, as we always have followed you. It is our destiny.

CAESAR. I have kept the best part of the battle for you, the last. Varenus, Pulfio, heroes of heroes, here you will decide the rivalry you began one day on the field of the Nervii. He will win who is the first to spring into the encampment of Pompey.

VARENUS. No, he who takes Pompey himself alive !

CAESAR. If you will, my lion.

PULFIO. Forward then, soldiers !

SOLDIERS (*raising their arms, a prey to warlike fury*).
General ! Look at us, dear Caesar of ours, while we fight for you. Venus Victrix !

[They disappear at full speed.]

SCENE IV

CAESAR, *the centurion SCAEVA with other bands.*

[SCAEVA *appears, mad with warlike rage, terribly wounded and dripping with blood, his shield bristling with arrows.*

CAESAR. You have done your duty, Centurion Scaeva.

SCAEVA. Not yet, General. I have scattered the Roman horsemen, but that has been nothing. Remember, at Rome you entrusted the precious message to me. Command me !

CAESAR. Yours is a marked name, hero Scaeva, and they will speak of you in far distant ages.

SCAEVA. Fellow-soldiers, glory to Caesar !

SOLDIERS. General, now you are Caesar among us, not at Rome, among the Senators, nor among those who followed you here and surround you. Caesar, our God, we die for you.

[*They disappear.*

CAESAR. Hortensius, go and tell Antonius to dislodge the enemy from the mountain and clear the way for me to Larissa. Let him blockade the mountain which is without water. The enemy will surrender or flee and Antonius must pursue them.

[HORTENSIUS *goes away.*

(*To a trumpeter.*) Climb up on that rock. When you see

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our men enter the enemy encampment, sound two blasts. If they should be driven back, one.

[*The TRUMPETER goes away.*
(*To another.*) You down there, if Antonius should be repulsed, one blast ; if the enemy surrenders or flees, two.

[*The TRUMPETER goes away.*

SCENE V

CAESAR, POLLIO, DOLABELLA, *the lieutenant* ALBINUS.

POLLIO (*entering with DOLABELLA and ALBINUS*).
General ! Victory !

DOLABELLA *and* ALBINUS. Victory, O great Caesar !

CAESAR. I have conquered with six cohorts. An order, a movement and behold Pharsalia. To the six cohorts that I have sent forward covered by our cavalry against the cavalry of Pompeius I say "Scarcely has our cavalry according to my orders given way before that of Pompeius, when you will advance at the double and attack their faces. The dandies of Rome, for fear of their beauty being spoiled, will turn tail. The issue of the battle depends upon you." In fact, as I had foreseen, the six cohorts put to flight Pompeius' cavalry, made mincemeat of his slingers and the archers remained unprotected ; they turned Pompeius' flank and attacked him in the rear. Victory followed upon the track marked out by the six cohorts.

[Two blasts of the trumpet from right and left.]

POLLIO, DOLABELLA, ALBINUS. General, on all sides, they are in flight !

POLLIO. At last, the Domitii, the Scipios and the Lentuli will cease from disputing your pontificate and from distributing the provinces among themselves !

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DOLABELLA. At last these patrician cubs will not boast any more of trampling your dear tenth legion under their horses' hoofs.

ALBINUS. This moment had to come to a Gaius Caesar, that after so many enterprises he should not be treated as the vile dregs of Catiline.

SCENE VI

CAESAR, POLLIO, DOLABELLA, ALBINUS, HORTENSIUS, ATHENIAN PRISONERS, *and of the other parts of Greece, Asiatics, captains and kings*, DEIOTARUS *king of the Galatians*, ARIOBARZANES *king of Cappadocia*, *Caesarian soldiers.*

SOLDIERS (*entering*). General, Pompey's camp is taken.
—We have killed many captains and kings of the East.
—We bring many of them prisoners to you.

HORTENSIUS (*entering*). Antony salutes you, General. He has faithfully executed your command, and is bringing you the Roman prisoners.

CAESAR. Let the East come first. Hortensius, bid Antonius to await my command.

HORTENSIUS. Yes, General !

[*Exit.*

CAESAR (*to his lieutenants and soldiers*). Fellow-soldiers, let us receive worthily these wearers of gold and gems that advance, so many captains and kings victory has not until this day brought to the feet of valiant Romans. They are the leaders and chiefs of peoples who inhabit half the Orient, effeminate and corrupt, but rich in ancient lore and in some inklings of new doctrines that I indeed grasped when in my youth I travelled in those parts and they appeared to me worthy of the attention of a Roman

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ear. Let us receive them with austere cordiality, so that they may learn to repeat our name, to spread our fame with reverence, but not without friendship and to render the world devoted to us, which we should rule in our peace. (*He sits upon a camp-seat and his lieutenants and the standard-bearers of his suite dispose themselves in good order around him. The kings and captains enter and the other prisoners, peoples of every race and description.*) Kings, captains and warriors of Greece and of Asia, Caesar greets you.

[The prisoners bow profoundly, while CAESAR speaks aside to POLLIO, indicating the Athenians.]

Pollio, bid these manufacturers of wise manikins, these adversaries of the Roman name come near.

[The Athenians approach.]

O Athenians, both Pompey and I offered you our friendship and protection, on condition that you remained at peace, for your illustrious city is sacred to every Roman. But you have wished to take arms against me and I could say to you, "I give you life and liberty, O descendants of Pericles, for the glory of your forefathers whom we Romans esteem as our only rivals in great deeds, performed by us with our long-enduring flesh and with steel; as you see, by those ancestors of yours with inimitable statuary and song." But I will not speak so to you, because the glory of your forefathers has saved you too often in the past and you might be grieved by the most discreet allusion. Instead, these are my words and I say : "I give you life and liberty because, when you decided for a certain envy that is in you to fight against Rome, you chose me as an enemy, recognising thus that

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this invincible Rome is by my side." You are free and so long as it pleases you, guests of my soldiers who will honour you. I will visit your city of the lofty temple which, with a beating heart, I have always seen appear whenever I have sailed over your luminous sea from the East, and I will leave to it as a pledge of my devotion that I would imitate the monuments of your great forefathers as far as a barbarian is permitted to do so.

[The Athenians go to one side.]

And you, Deiotarus, king of the Galatians, Ariobarzanes, king of Cappadocia, have had more trust in the arms of others than in mine. Now let us place in one scale of the balance that generous daring of yours which certainly becomes the souls of kings and in the other my just anger for the war you have waged against me. I announce to you that the thought of your royal valour which we citizens and captains of the Roman Republic know how to prize above all others has prevailed. And for that reason I restore to you entire and undiminished the full possession of your kingdoms.

DEIOTARUS. Thanks most generous Caesar.

ARIOBARZANES. Thanks most clement Caesar.

CAESAR. I hope soon to be your guest in your realms.

DEIOTARUS. O Caesar ! Our subjects will fall in the dust before your glory.

ARIOBARZANES. Our subjects will welcome you as a new God, O Caesar !

CAESAR. Announce only that Caesar wishes to be the friend of all peoples. Be my guests as long as it shall please you to stay in the camp.

[The KINGS retire, making low obeisance to]

JULIUS CAESAR

CAESAR *who gets up and walks among the*
PRISONERS.

I find you here too, O Jew? Everywhere on my warlike expeditions, I have met some of these. There is not a more wretched people on earth. But observe them well, Asinius, while they crawl at your feet, they are spying upon you and they seem to mock you. What is the purpose of this manikin of Asia? (*He leaves the Jew and goes on walking. He stops before another warrior and salutes him.*) I was seeking you, son of a valiant race, Macedonian Rascipolis. We have often spoken of you among our veterans, who as you know, are good judges of war and we have lauded your mighty deeds to heaven. Wherever you are, there are no prisoners. Warriors of Sparta, of Thessaly, of Boeotia, of Achaea, of the Isles and of Asia, receive all of you life and liberty from Caesar.

[*Exeunt the PRISONERS raising loud shouts of joy and of thanks to CAESAR*]

SCENE VII

CAESAR, POLLIO, DOLABELLA, ALBINUS, SOLDIERS.

DOLABELLA (*to POLLIO and ALBINUS, while CAESAR is turned towards the PRISONERS*). Will he treat the Roman prisoners in the same way? For what reason then have we toiled and fought so hard?

ALBINUS. Now he has conquered, he can do as he wills.

DOLABELLA. But he ought to act in agreement with us, because he owes the victory to us.

ALBINUS. I will tell you something else, friends. Caesar is a great captain, as we have seen again to-day. But we, lieutenants and soldiers, cannot put up with such great wars, and if through a desire to spare his and our enemies he brings down others upon us, we shall not be in a position to follow him, however good our will may be. And then, if we have set aside some small possession, have we not done so to enjoy it in peace during the few days that remain to us. This above all he should bear in mind.

POLLIO. Be quiet and follow me rather.

[*At a sign from him the SOLDIERS enter who have sacked POMPEY's camp.*]

General, ask your soldiers where they have found these spoils from a feast, these cups of silver and gold, these garlands of myrtle and laurel.

JULIUS CAESAR

DOLABELLA. Spoils from a festival, not spoils of war, Caesar. Soldiers, where did you find them ?

1ST SOLDIER. General, they were in the enemy's camp. The tables were all laid, the cups already filled with wine.

DOLABELLA. Ye Gods ! Were they so sure of victory then ?

ALBINUS (*to the SOLDIERS*). Tell what you have seen.

2ND SOLDIER. We found within some tents drunken slaves and those courtesans of Thessaly arraying themselves for dancing.

DOLABELLA. Worthy funeral for Rome, Caesar !

POLLIO. The man is now in a good moment. His brain is on fire.

CAESAR (*to the SOLDIERS*). Have you news of Pompeius ?

3RD SOLDIER. Yes, from the prisoners. When he saw his cavalry in flight he retired to his camp and sat down in his tent without a word to anyone. When we had drawn near, and he caught sight of us through the tent, they say he gave a cry, seized a velvet robe and rushed out, leaving his horse. He has taken a bye-path quite alone and has been seen no more.

CAESAR. See, Pollio, the end of a man who was for thirty-four years the favourite of victory. We long heard of his passage through the lands of the East and through the seas and they said that he penetrated into fabulous countries never trod by Greek or by Roman foot, near inaccessible mountains covered by eternal snows on the shores of unknown oceans and that the virile Amazons came down to do battle with him. And when he returned to his native land, the citizens called him Alexander, because

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in truth he resembled that fortunate youth whose deeds seemed more like the acts of a deity drunk with pure joy than the works of man. And when alone in my house I heard the shouts that accompanied his triumphs, my heart was goaded by the thought of my fortune that was so slow in following me. Now his fortune and his glory are no more, because he chose to be the instrument of my enemies against me. In his last years he was not equal to himself. But I loved that man. (*He weeps.*)

DOLABELLA. I have always said it. Now what are we to make of him?

POLLIO. Let us remind him that Antony is waiting.

ALBINUS (*speaks aside to a soldier of the suite*).

SOLDIER. General, the Roman soldiers are there with the lieutenant Antonius.

CAESAR. Let Antonius come first.

[*Exit the SOLDIER.*]

SCENE VIII

CAESAR, POLLIO, DOLABELLA, ALBINUS, ANTONY,
SOLDIERS.

ANTONY. General, our worst enemies have fallen into my hands. Caesar ! Here are the Consul Lentulus, Considius Nonianus.

DOLABELLA. He who was to succeed you in the government of Cisalpino Gaul.

ANTONY. Lucius Domitius.

POLLIO. Who chose Transalpine Gaul for himself.

ANTONY. And Favonius, Volcatius, Attius Varus.

ALBINUS. Whom you took and set free in Italy.

ANTONY. And Afranius and Petreius whom you took and set free in Spain, Caesar. Command that I put them all to death.

DOLABELLA. They are the very men who have sent their people to Rome to choose the best houses about the Forum for the next magistracies. Caesar, death for all of them !

ALBINUS. Death for all, Caesar !

DOLABELLA. I think that as you were merciful to the Barbarians now you should be severe towards the Romans, and so your justice may appear perfect facing both ways like our own Janus.

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POLLIO. I am of opinion that you should follow as always the inspiration of your own soul.

CAESAR. Albinus, what is that soldier doing down there? Bid him leave off tormenting a fallen enemy. The right cause for him was the one for which he fought and died loyally.

[At a command from ALBINUS, a soldier goes and carries out CAESAR'S order.]

ANTONY. Caesar!

CAESAR. Let them pass by at the end there. Only those I call by name are free. All the rest must die. But for time and place you will take new orders from me. Meanwhile let us make the choice.

ANTONY. Yes, Caesar.

CAESAR. Fellow-soldiers, who will break his bread with the General? *[Exit.]*

SOLDIERS (*in rivalry*). Take, General!

CAESAR. Thanks, Virginius, Fannius, Crispus. Thanks to you for the love you bear your General. You, too, fellow-soldiers, you, too, Pollio, Dolabella, Albinus, take a little rest and such poor fare as is here.

[They sit on the ground and eat.]

SCENE IX

CAESAR, POLLIO, DOLABELLA, ALBINUS, ANTONY,
PRISONERS, SOLDIERS.

CAESAR (*while the prisoners at the command of ANTONY file past in the background*). After so fierce a fight I would like to give you soft couches and pleasant food and delicate wines in shining cups. But we have thought of victory, not of feasting, therefore must we be content to eat this hard bread upon this scorched earth that yet runs with blood.

ALBINUS. Do you remember, General, at Dyrrhachium? This story was told me by my centurions. When Pompey penetrated into our lines he found a scanty ration of horrible bread, kneaded with wretched herbs that our soldiers were eating. Do you know what he did? He ordered it to be carried away and hidden. "We have," he cried, "to face not men but savage beasts and the proof of such inhuman resistance might make the arms fall from my men's hands. Take it away."

CAESAR. I did not know the story, Albinus. Pollio, we will put it in the "Commentaries." But our enemies, too, have fought like Romans. Look, fellow-soldiers. After a battle we can distinguish the soldiers who died fighting face to face from those who were slain in flight. Very well, go over this field which will be famous from

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to-day, and you will find the number of those who fell in fair fight, both of ours and of the Pompeians, is worthy of Rome. Rome is possessed of divine youth. Do you hear? It appears to me that the dying make more lamentation than after other battles.

DOLABELLA. So it always seems after a very bloody *mêlée*. And this at many points has been real carnage.

ALBINUS. I will give you another reason, General. The wounded are suffering horribly under the scourge of the sun. And the other soldiers too are suffering from thirst. I have seen some go up to the Enipeus, but they withdrew for the river is running blood.

CAESAR. How much blood Rome has! There is not a part of the world that has not a field like this, drenched in Roman blood. How many have Europe, Africa and Asia? I could cover the entire territory of a great nation with Roman blood, and as if that did not suffice, I went to pour out the first fruits among the Barbarians of Germany and Britain. And to think, my friends, that our forefathers, those who founded the city, had not the cast to mould the first generations of this blood and were obliged to seize it from neighbouring peoples. Now how much blood and how many generations! Seven centuries this inexhaustible Rome has mingled her torrents of blood with the blood of innumerable races, some base, some noble, upon all the continents and seas, and now her blood falls upon her own blood. And for what reason? Because a few Romans have waxed fat upon the sack of the world? And I, my friends, can wear the humble raiment of the lowliest of my legionaries. I can feed upon his coarse bread, I can sleep like a beggar upon the bare rock. Was I not born to be one of the infinite number

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of Romans without name who in the obscure depths of the immense multitude of Rome are born and are lost as drops in the ocean? Why was I brought to the light for such a war? I have conquered Pompeius, who had defeated so many peoples and kings. And I know already what I must do now, how I shall pursue, and, wherever they arise again, destroy the Pompeian remnants and re-organise the Republic and the Empire according to my design. But then? What course will Rome take when we are no longer here? Sometimes I seem to stretch out my hands and touch the thrones of the immortal Gods that are raised upon the threshold of the Unknown. Why then is our vision so short? Why is the field in which we are allowed to act with our implacable might so narrow?

ALBINUS. General, you have spoken long and you have named none of those who are passing down there. Then all are to die?

CAESAR. Yes.

DOLABELLA. It is well done, Caesar, for you and for us.

CAESAR (*rising to his feet*). I can destroy them all, Dolabella, and be Caesar, and I can spare them all and equally be Caesar. Caesar can take all courses, because he has all power and it is in himself alone. Woe to him who doubts it!

POLLIO. General, remember that Achilles was invulnerable, except at one point, but there the ambush caught him.

CAESAR. And notwithstanding this, is not Achilles the great Achilles?

POLLIO. But you carry within you the safety of Rome. You have but now said it.

JULIUS CAESAR

ALBINUS. But now, General.

CAESAR. And yet our friend Pollio says that, notwithstanding that, I have my heel of Achilles. And where should that be?

POLLIO. Caesar, beware of your own might.

CAESAR. Perhaps that has another name?

POLLIO. And it is called?

CAESAR. Think!

POLLIO. Your generosity.

CAESAR. Or?

POLLIO. Your courage.

CAESAR. Or?

POLLIO. Your pride.

CAESAR. See how mobile is the seat of my vulnerability! And supposing that Caesar's vulnerability were completely outside Caesar? Look, my friend, there comes a young man who carries within himself the certainty of all things. We will talk to him upon such a subject.

DOLABELLA. Caesar, do not call his name. Let him go with the other patricians. He is the most dangerous of all!

CAESAR. What do you fear from him? Do you not see? He is a mild and serious student.

ALBINUS. General, there is no Roman in Rome or in the provinces has the power of attraction that that young man has.

CAESAR. My friends, he is a relic of the past and nothing more.

POLLIO. Nevertheless he is called Brutus, Caesar.

CAESAR. What is that to me? Do you think I am king? Let me speak to him.

JULIUS CAESAR

ALBINUS. General, beware of the friendship you have always shown him.

CAESAR. What do you fear, I repeat? Withdraw. I cannot tell you, Asinius, how that young man inspires me with the most conflicting emotions. Now he attracts and now he repels me.

SCENE X

CAESAR, POLLIO, DOLABELLA, ALBINUS, ANTONY,
PRISONERS, BRUTUS.

CAESAR. The Gods preserve you, Brutus.

BRUTUS. May they also preserve your fortune.

CAESAR. Our fortune stands before us, philosopher Brutus, and to-day as yesterday as to-morrow, it is called victory, so great that the Capitol does not reach to its bronze ankle and the imperial eagles fly about its head. Go your way. You are free.

BRUTUS. And what will be the fate of the other Roman patricians ?

CAESAR. What do you ask ?

BRUTUS. What I have asked. And if you do not answer I shall bid you do with me as you have decided to do with the other patricians.

CAESAR. And if I choose to separate you from the others ?

BRUTUS. You cannot.

CAESAR. Why, Brutus ?

BRUTUS. Because you can deprive me of life, but not of death.

CAESAR. I choose to separate you from the others.

BRUTUS. By force ? I will kill myself, I repeat. With persuasion ? All your arguments are vain.

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CAESAR. Why, Brutus ?

BRUTUS. Because you have no power against me. You can make me neither free nor a slave. You can neither absolve nor condemn either me or the other Roman patricians.

CAESAR. Why, Brutus ?

BRUTUS. Because only the Senate and the People of Rome have the power to judge the Roman citizens who have not died in battle.

CAESAR. Brutus, it is my will to put to death those who, fighting against me, thought of feasting before victory. I had already conquered many of them in Italy and Spain ; I had taken them and set them free. But, scarcely were they out of the shadow of my arm, they turned to unite and fight against me. Now they shall die.

POLLIO, DOLABELLA, ALBINUS. They shall die !

DOLABELLA. What are you saying ? What are you babbling about the power of the Senate and the People ? Perhaps our soldiers were not Roman citizens, whom you Pompeians have sent to death, every time you have taken them not in battle and disarmed ? Why is it only your patricians, the murderers of our men, who should now have the right of being judged by the Senate and People of Rome ?

ALBINUS. Remember, Brutus, that we are the defenders of the People and our soldiers are the People. If for these, for the sons of the People, the right of Roman citizenship is not valid, why should it be valid for their enemies ?

DOLABELLA. O Caesar, defender of the People of Rome against usurpers and corrupt Senators, do not be generous towards those who have so much injured the Roman People in the persons of your soldiers !

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BRUTUS. Do you speak thus, Dolabella? You, the defender of the Roman People? You, the filth of Rome, the sink of all corruption?

DOLABELLA. Usurer of Cyprus, you have brought to Rome a vice unknown to our forefathers! Hypocrite Greekling!

BRUTUS. O Caesar, listen to these counsellors, follow them and you will unite under your name the ferocity of Sulla and the infamy of Catiline.

CAESAR. I follow myself alone, Brutus. I alone decide and give orders. Where Caesar is, his will alone rules. And Caesar is everywhere.

BRUTUS. Caesar then is at Rome and the will of Rome is no more?

CAESAR. They are both the same.

BRUTUS. Then do you send me with the Roman patricians. I am a Roman citizen. I repeat to you, from you I receive neither liberty nor life.

CAESAR. Very well. Antonius, you have heard?

ANTONY. Caesar, I have.

CAESAR. Brutus, you should not speak thus to me. I am not accustomed to see you upon a field of battle as enemy to enemy. You are not unknown to Caesar's heart, since you passed from the protection of your parents to his protection. I see yet upon your brow some touching delicate likeness to your mother. Speak to me in friendship as I speak to you. Tell me, do you not think me the conqueror?

BRUTUS. And who of our forefathers has not known how to conquer equally with you? You have not invented victory. But know that my uncle Cato spoke well of you one day in Pompey's council saying that you alone among

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all the agitators of the Republic were neither a drunkard nor a wild beast. And as someone maintained that your moderate conduct was nothing but political calculation, I arose and said that that man spoke falsely and I constituted myself your surety for the past and the future. Will you prove now that I did not know you ?

CAESAR. Brutus, after having accompanied you from childhood to adolescence and from adolescence to young-manhood, one day I heard you speak in the Forum for the first time. It seemed to me that your mind was confused and distraught, and that the ideas in your speech were as when the heaven is overcast and some veiled streak of sunlight appears among the obscure masses of cloud. I said to my friends who were with me, " This young man does not always succeed in making his will understood, but certainly his will is upright and strong." From that day I seemed to see in you some torment which you yourself did not understand. Then you were in Greece and the Islands, and you plunged into philosophical studies and you filled yourself with a certain spirit that broods in those regions and tends to establish a new way of life among men. But do you grant a Roman who is called Caesar to keep to the hard Roman law which to-day for him and for Rome is called Necessity ?

BRUTUS. No, Caesar. You yourself do not escape the new spirit of which you speak. And if you will put to death the Roman patricians after the battle, you must fight against yourself, knowing that the noblest men who form the vanguard of the future are watching you and judging you. But let us not talk of that. Let us talk only in accordance with the hard Roman law. Caesar is Roman, Roman too is Brutus. All the peoples of the East

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and of the West can have their laws, their spirit, their customs, but whatever is propagated in the world is Roman or bows before the iron march of Rome, and this alone concerns us, Caesar. Let us speak as Romans. But, when that is said, I tell you Rome is freedom and you cannot destroy it. Rome is the lofty law that protects the patrician and you cannot destroy it. Rome is that new humanity itself that we carry in us, not effeminate as that of the Orientals, but severe and proud, in conformity with the nature of a people, that since its birth has fought and conquered, and you cannot destroy it. All that, Caesar, is Rome by virtue of an endurance beyond compare, and it withstands you if you usurp the power of life and death over the patricians.

DOLABELLA. Will the bald-head ever make an end? Or must we still have patience?

POLLIO. When he walks thus, he is at war with himself.

DOLABELLA. Then let us do the business now.

ALBINUS. I tell you one thing that I have hidden from you. Yesterday evening he gave orders that every measure was to be taken to save Brutus' life in the combat.

DOLABELLA. Then let us kill him for him behind his back.

POLLIO. Dolabella, what are you saying? Do you think this possible?

CAESAR. You have followed Pompey against me. What think you of him? What difference do you make between him and me, excepting the difference that lies between conqueror and conquered?

BRUTUS. Pompey is the conquered, but he has defended the Senate!

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CAESAR. No, Brutus. The Senate is no more. Part of the Senators were with Pompey, part with me.

BRUTUS. Pompey has defended the Senate and the Republic, and the cause of the Senate and the Republic was not overthrown with him, Caesar.

CAESAR. I am saving it. I am the restorer of the Republic.

BRUTUS. So say rebels who strive to become tyrants.

CAESAR. Speak low. You are as wild as my followers. Give me your friendship.

BRUTUS. Do you give me the lives of the patricians ?

CAESAR. No.

BRUTUS. Then let me go, then.

CAESAR. Do not withstand me and you shall be the first citizen of my Republic.

BRUTUS. In your Republic ? I should follow you as your avenging shadow to accuse you. In mine ? There is no place for you.

CAESAR. Speak softly, or I must lose you.

BRUTUS. Hasten. I think from some sign you have already chosen the murderer of the patricians whom your soldiers have taken prisoner. Consign me to him.

CAESAR. Is this your last word ?

BRUTUS. It is. Hasten. If you cannot deprive me of it, you give me death.

CAESAR. Antonius !

ANTONY. At your service, General.

DOLABELLA. Now, Caesar, look at these fields with how many dead bodies they are strewn. Now hear the cries, the lamentations of those who are dying. Now think that Enipeus carries to the sea, not water, but Roman blood. The lives of the patricians are owing to so much

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blood, to so many dead men, to your soldiers and to Pompey's, if it is true, as it is, that they, not you, let loose the madness of civil war.

POLLIO. It is even so, Caesar.

ANTONY. O my General, we will abide by your bidding, but if you spare the lives of our enemies, we shall think that you do not love us as much as they have always hated us.

ALBINUS. Cut off the hundred heads of the hydra of this war ! You spoke just now of Pompeian remnants. But if you do not seize the occasion now, these remnants will soon grow again to armies.

ANTONY. Yes. Until you have extirpated the evil roots of the patrician tree, you will breathe its poison in the very air that surrounds you, and you and we shall have neither peace, nor rest, nor security.

POLLIO. It is even so Caesar. You can do the wisest work of reconstruction for Rome and the Empire, but all will be vain, if first you do not suppress your enemies.

DOLABELLA. Why say his ? Our enemies. Assuredly ! Enemies of the people, of freedom, of the Republic. We have fought for the Republic, you were the champion of the Republic. But the Republic has not given you the power of pardoning her enemies. Now, Caesar, let us raise our building all new from its very foundations !

CAESAR. And yet you are bad advocates of your own cause. After so many years I have at last found a Roman, this young man, who asks of me death for himself and life for others, whilst you can only show me your hatreds and your lusts that I may satisfy them. You have never done anything but try to drag me down to you, whilst this young man raises me to lofty Roman thoughts and

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recalls me to the vast labour of my Roman creation. People of but one word, get you gone. You are neither Romans nor friends nor followers of mine nor even men ; but only spoilers of corpses. Get you gone. (*Goes to BRUTUS and speaks in a low voice with him.*)

ANTONY. Cursed Brutus ! Why did I not cut your throat in the battle ? Caesar has loved him as a father, ever since he was reported to be his son.

DOLABELLA. Thrice accursed Brutus ! The hateful patricians are safe because your ugly mother was Caesar's mistress. But, Antony, do you nevertheless take courage and not even Caesar can undo what your sword has done.

ANTONY. See, my Dolabella, I would that the Tiber ran with patrician blood and I would stay at its mouth and be the sea to drink it all, so great a thirst have I ; but I shall not taste even one drop if Caesar does not wish it.

CAESAR. Sirs, lieutenants, since it is in truth the time of reconstruction, I have made a bond with this young Roman, who, as you were saying just now, has a great following in Rome and in the provinces. He asks many things and among them, as a sign of our good-will, he asks the lives of the prisoners, which boon is granted him. Antony, this is my order. (*He withdraws, talking to BRUTUS.*)

DOLABELLA. Woe to you then, Caesar ! Since you wish reconstruction with our enemies, we abandon you ! Save yourself from them !

POLLIO. Such is the will of the Gods, my dearest friends.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, ALBINUS, POLLIO and
DOLABELLA together.]

ACT IV

ACT IV

ACT IV



ACT IV

THE TRIUMPHS

SCENE I

SCENE : *Caesar's house and garden at Rome. In the background, along the gardens, a staging facing the way of the Triumphs. Statues crowned with flowers and laurel.*

CICERO, LOLLIA a MAID SERVANT of CLEOPATRA, PATRICIANS and MATRONS on the staging and about the gardens, among the others, CASSIUS. The PATRICIANS and MATRONS are few at first. Then more arrive. They come and go, ascend and descend by the steps, stroll through the gardens and sit, conversing. CICERO converses with LOLLIA.

MAID SERVANT (*from the house*). Most noble matron, my mistress and Queen begs you to accept this necklace in remembrance of her.

LOLLIA. How beautiful !

CICERO. What magnificence.

LOLLIA. It is indeed a royal gift. Say to the divine Cleopatra that her gift fills me with joy as you see and tell her that I will visit her to give her thanks.

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CICERO. See, they are admiring you.

LOLLIA. No, slandering. But it is just this way, Marcus Tullius : the Egyptian cannot do without me. She had already begun in her own country ; but since our return to Rome, I am right down burdened, because here she is sailing an unknown sea and a dangerous, and her only haven is my loyal friendship. All Rome could not wring from her a judgment upon the beauty of a dancing girl, whilst, did I wish it, I could induce her to murder our loved Caesar.

CICERO. Is she in truth a woman of vast spirit ?

LOLLIA. Of a wild and reserved spirit. She is above all capricious, cunning and cruel. Her cunning and her cruelty existed in the days of the sweet Nausicaa, but were nourished on lion's marrow in hatreds, wars and domestic massacres. And when the skill and arts that come with years are added to her natural intelligence, she will be as terrible as a fury, that has the mind of the King of Ithaca and the face of golden Aphrodite.

CICERO. What a gift of language is yours ! What flowers ! What brilliance ! You are the arbitress of elegancies among our matrons who are dear to the Muses.

LOLLIA. The praise of the greatest of orators is sweet to my heart.

CICERO. Of the greatest, did you say ? Perhaps you forget Demosthenes ?

LOLLIA. On the contrary, as I spoke I was thinking of your superiority over the Athenian.

CICERO. And perhaps indeed this will be the judgment of posterity. Meanwhile most lovely and accomplished Lollia, remember me to the Queen of Egypt and tell her

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that I burn to pay her homage as the most devoted of her servants.

LOLLIA. Cicero, I will.

[Exit into the house.]

[CICERO withdraws and disappears in the gardens.]

SCENE II

CASSIUS, JUNIA *his wife*, PATRICIANS *and* MATRONS.

[JUNIA *enters coming down from the staging.*

CASSIUS. Was not Portia with you ?

JUNIA. I have left her on the stand.

CASSIUS. What does she say ?

JUNIA. She wanted to accompany me but does not speak. A horrible fascination draws her to see the triumph of the man who so cruelly took her father from her.

CASSIUS. Good. She is strong in hatred, this daughter of Cato, more than in love. And your brother ?

JUNIA. He, too, is upon the stand. Would you know it ? I heard him speak this way to an old patrician : " It is better to command no man than to be the slave of any, because in the first case one may live with dignity, but in the second, one does not live."

CASSIUS. He spoke so ?

JUNIA. Yes.

CASSIUS. It is a speech that means something.

JUNIA. Yes. When, however, he noticed me, he became silent as if he was suspicious of me.

CASSIUS. It may be so. But I tell you that this too means something.

JUNIA. Yes. But do not attach too much importance to such signs. My brother talks like this sometimes, vague

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speeches, as though he were dictating themes for compositions at school ! But then, do you not know it ? Our mother has shared in his making with Caesar.

CASSIUS. Your brother is certainly no longer the hero of Pharsalia.

JUNIA. He who knows him, knows that he is weak, but has a good heart. Our mother has known how to approach him on the side of the heart.

CASSIUS. And Caesar on the other side.

JUNIA. What do you mean ?

CASSIUS. The Government of Provinces. But nevertheless your brother's name is Brutus and for that reason his speech sounds well in my ear. Here is Caesar's wife.

JUNIA. And my mother as usual is with her.

CASSIUS. Do you, my dearest Junia, return to Portia, and do not leave her alone in her terrible grief.

[CASSIUS and JUNIA separate and disappear, one through the gardens, the other upon the staging.]

SCENE III

PATRICIANS, MATRONS, CALPURNIA, SERVILIA, ANTONY,
BRUTUS, CICERO, FAVONIUS.

CALPURNIA (*coming from the house with SERVILIA*).
Find me Antony.

SERVILIA. Here he is. He has seen you and is hastening.

ANTONY. At your service.

CALPURNIA. Antony, I would know at once whether
the Gods were propitious. When Caesar arrives at the
Capitol, let me know.

ANTONY. Yes, Calpurnia. I will bring you news myself.
[Exit.

SERVILIA (*indicating BRUTUS who is coming down from
the staging*). Here is my son, my dear Calpurnia. Recom-
mend him to Caesar that he may make use of him. He
has in him a tender and faithful friend ; but it is meet
that Caesar should show that he appreciates him as he
deserves.

CALPURNIA. It is meet, Servilia. And Caesar will do it,
because no one discerns where merit is better than he does,
and that of your Brutus is like a sun apparent even to
blind men.

SERVILIA. I am grateful to you, my dear friend. But
why say such sweet words in so sad a tone ? Is not this
the hour of your triumph ?

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CALPURNIA. You think, Servilia, that this is a compensation? You think it a happy thing to be Caesar's wife? And Caesar is often so gloomy. One would say that this hero who has filled the whole world with his glory has gathered for himself nothing but a harvest of bitterness. Only yesterday he said to me, "When shall we really live then, my Calpurnia?"

SERVILIA. It is but too true the cares of the whole world weigh upon him.

CALPURNIA. It is even so.

PATRICIANS *and* MATRONS. Noble Calpurnia! (*They bow profoundly.*)

CICERO (*coming up with FAVONIUS and others*). Most noble Calpurnia, my respectful greeting.

CALPURNIA. My friends, I salute you too. (*To BRUTUS.*) My friend, it is fortunate for me when I can enjoy your company a little; your conversation delights and illumines my spirit. Will you see the triumph from my stand?

[*Exit with BRUTUS, SERVILIA and other MATRONS.*]

SCENE IV

CICERO, FAVONIUS, *other* PATRICIANS, MATRONS, CLEOPATRA, LOLLIA, CASSIUS.

1ST PATRICIAN. Look at Brutus ! What a fall !

2ND PATRICIAN. A most venal man. After Cisapline Gaul he hunts all the other rich provincial posts.

3RD PATRICIAN. Do you know why he professes the Stoic philosophy ? And why he is virtuous ? And why at Pharsalia he defied the wrath of Caesar ? And why he was a defender of the cause of the Republic and freedom ? And why he has that face of a seer in a trance ? Because his name is Brutus—" My name is Brutus so I must act the part of Brutus of old—!" This has been his converse with himself, since he has had the use of reason.

1ST PATRICIAN. That is true. He owes all to his name, both the paltry creature he is and the greatness men attribute to him.

2ND PATRICIAN. The magic of the name exercises a two-fold power : upon him and upon those who approach him. They conjure up those mighty citizens of the iron age at the sight of that manikin and all bow to him through reverence for his forefathers, all, beginning with Caesar. At one time Rome had two of these strange phenomena : Cato and Brutus. Now she has but the latter.

3RD PATRICIAN. Apes of the past. But the name is

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truly terrible. Great use could be made of it. Hush ! Here comes Cicero with well meaning friends.

CICERO. I have collected many opinions upon the speech made without the walls yesterday by our friend, Julius, to the Senate and People. The majority do not approve of it on account of a certain regal tone. As the speech of a king it would be well enough, but it sounds strangely from the lips of a citizen.

4TH PATRICIAN. It is these excesses, these excesses I say, that alienate the best minds in the State.

5TH PATRICIAN. He is obliged to satisfy his own followers.

4TH PATRICIAN. It is in fact the possession of such followers that always did him the most harm.

6TH PATRICIAN. We can let the past be. Wars and revolutions come and go. But to-day, to gain peace he should aim at winning over moderate and peaceable citizens.

7TH PATRICIAN. Certainly.

4TH PATRICIAN. Like that speech which he made when he first entered Rome and set foot in the Senate. "Here we are in the Cloaca Maxima of the Republic." It was reported and none sought his life. Who speaks of the Senate, speaks of the whole glorious history of Rome.

7TH PATRICIAN. That is true.

CICERO. I love our friend Julius, and for that reason I am sorry.

4TH PATRICIAN. But are we, forsooth, his enemies ? Have we not always recognised the good he has done ? For years and years now we have given him credit for it.

7TH PATRICIAN. That is most true.

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1ST PATRICIAN. But does he really think to have himself named king? Many are demanding it.

2ND PATRICIAN. Has he not already a Royal Spanish body-guard?

3RD PATRICIAN. And an Asiatic court? And his Egyptian mistress?

2ND PATRICIAN. Hush!

8TH PATRICIAN. You are giving ear to the conquered at Pharsalia! Then they grovelled in the dust and kissed his feet, because he granted them their lives. What would be their will to-morrow, if they obtained freedom to-day?

9TH PATRICIAN. True. And they are all here. Those who talked of nothing but Freedom, when Liberty and the Republic and Rome were at the mercy of the first comer. Those who quibble at his every action, a sublime folk, oracles of wisdom, who judge everything, good and evil, peace and war, particular and general, and would have the man perfect. But tell me, where are we to find the perfect man? Those who followed him and whose mad designs he would not follow. And those who found the mean, as that fellow there, and reproved him for the "excesses" of his "followers." And all the insatiable ones, who had not enough from him just because they were insatiable.

8TH PATRICIAN. Too much petty politics! I tell you too much combining and conciliating, and above all too many amnesties. What does he gain by it? The man who was invincible in war is now conquered in peace. He remains an enemy for his enemies, for his friends he is no more a friend, and for all he is a tyrant. But he wishes to be king? Let him. Otherwise he makes himself

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hated as a king, and has not the terrors of kingship. Does he not remain seated when the senators rise? It is a scandal that turns all Rome against him. If he were king, not a word would have been said.

9TH PATRICIAN. The truth is that great men are not always equal to themselves. They wax and wane.

8TH PATRICIAN. I tell you that only history creates entirely consistent heroes. The man of reality is a mixture.

9TH PATRICIAN. That is true.

FAVONIUS. Here comes the flower of the Pyramids.

9TH PATRICIAN. Do not trust this fellow. He is neither the friend nor the enemy of any, but only slander that follows all. Not a man, but the breath of pestilence that issues from every drain. See this fury adorned with grace.

CLEOPATRA (*coming from the house, followed by various couples of MAID SERVANTS, and carried together with LOLLIA by huge slaves in a litter resplendent with gold and gems. A delightful perfume scents the air. PATRICIANS and MATRONS prostrate themselves as she passes*). Lollia, do you remember when we were in Alexandria? I used often to tell you that I would not enter Rome except as Queen of the Romans. Now I seem to be no more Queen even of the Egyptians.

LOLLIA. So you should speak, did you not reign in Caesar's heart.

CLEOPATRA. That famous kingdom, how well I know it. When he approaches me, Caesar is all promises, but when he leaves me, that which has been, has been. I am not Caesar's love.

LOLLIA. You are.

CLEOPATRA. No. This hero has invaded my royal

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palace to drag me to his couch and my royal kin behind his triumphal chariot.

LOLLIA. We two know that that chariot is on its way to the throne of Rome.

CLEOPATRA. That is possible.

LOLLIA. And you reign over Caesar's heart.

CLEOPATRA. That is not true.

[Exit to the left.]

CICERO (*running forward with the others*). Egyptian Aphrodite ! Goddess of the Nile ! !

1ST MATRON. Ah, the barbarian Greek girl of Egypt !

2ND MATRON. Have you seen the foot that has smitten Caesar's heart ? It will become famous in history.

3RD MATRON. She has the air of a young wild animal taken by Caesar in a virgin forest and shut in this cage of Rome.

4TH MATRON. In his house you mean, together with her most unfortunate husband and with that good Calpurnia who is pining away and will die of it. Ah well ! The famous warrior is old and knew that no matron would any longer be pleased to pass her hand over his revolting baldness.

3RD MATRON. Hush ! Have you not seen that to cover his baldness he is training up four hairs over his pate ? Do you want to make your husband lose his contracts ?

4TH MATRON. And why does he not rather drag after him the wife of the Moorish Bogudes ?

[The MATRONS withdraw.]

FAVONIUS (*to other PATRICIANS*). Look at the ugly Lollia, first Caesar's favourite and now his favourite's favourite ! And Posthumia and Tertulla and the others, the Maenads, the Furies, the Roman wolves and vipers

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issuing from Caesar's couch ! From Cato's sister Servilia to Mucia, the wife of Pompey, he has been the cock of a multitude of Roman hens, patrician and plebeian, friends and enemies. When his return was known, they all ran to him, hopping and flapping their wings. But Caesar brought after him the pretty little hen from the Pyramids and so conspiracy is rife in the Roman hen roosts !

CICERO (*in a group of people which FAVONIUS joins*). We cannot justly lay the responsibility of all that happens and is grievous at our Caesar's door. The truth is, my dear friends, that this terrible condition has come upon us : we are in his hands, while he is at the mercy of events which none can foresee and of blind forces. What will be to-morrow ? What will our Julius do to-morrow ? His intentions are hidden from us, but he too who is now the head of all and everything does not know what he will be constrained to do.

1ST PATRICIAN. My dear friends, the Senate must of necessity invent new honours for Caesar !

ALL. Agreed !

2ND PATRICIAN. Let him have more honours than were ever accorded to the greatest monarch of the East !

1ST PATRICIAN. Neither Barbarians nor Romans have succeeded in sending him to Pluto. What can we do to-day ? Since there remains nothing for us to do, let us raise him above Rome herself upon a pile of honours.

FAVONIUS. A heavenly Tarpeian rock so to speak.

CICERO. Dear, dear, this company is becoming dangerous. (*To FAVONIUS.*) Noble Favonius, farewell.

[*Goes to the stand.*]

FAVONIUS. You remember the girl Tarpeia who betrayed our forefathers of old ? The unsuspecting girl

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said to the Sabine warriors, "As a price for my betrayal, do you give me some of those ornaments that you carry upon the left arm." The warriors began to throw upon her bracelets and bracelets and bracelets, all the bracelets that they had on their left arms and with them the shields that crushed her. So let us, my dear friends, throw at Caesar all our bracelets, every honour and power, military, priestly, senatorial, plebeian, Dictatorships, Consulates, Tribunates : let us throw all our bracelets at Caesar and with them one or two Sabine shields, not to crush him, but so that he may have some weight to bear.

2ND PATRICIAN. Let us make him king.

FAVONIUS. Never that ! Let us rather foster the desire to be king in his heart. We will repeat the story of the lion and the mice, my dear friends. A thousand mice surrounded a lion wanting to overcome him, but flip, flap, a blow from his paw and one after the other he was killing all the mice, until a certain mouse, cleverer than the others, climbed very softly upon his back and crept into one of his ears ; then by a long and dark passage he reached his heart which he nibbled with his little teeth without the least trouble and, hey presto ! the lion curled up and died. And his name, my dear friends, is the mouse of Favonius, which alone can reach Caesar's heart, not to bite him but to repeat with every beat, " King of Rome ! King of Rome ! King of Rome ! " Let us not make him king so that he may always wish to be king and that the people may have some little hint of his desire !

1ST PATRICIAN. Friends, let us not make him king, but a God.

ALL. Yes, yes, a God, a God !

2ND PATRICIAN. Let us make him a God, and build

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temples to him, and if this God afterwards blasts us with his thunderbolt, let us die in Roman fashion dislocating our jaws with laughter, bursting with laughter like those who have eaten the Sardinian herb.

ALL. Let us burst with laughter, let us burst with laughter !

FAVONIUS. Instead of attending the triumph, let us hurry to the Senate House, let someone run to tell the fathers, so that after his return from the Capitol we sumpter asses may carry the load of his honours for him. Long live our triumphant General ! Hail, Caesar the God !

ALL. Hail, Caesar the God ! Long live our triumphant General !

[*They scatter to all parts.
The sound of the approaching triumph is heard.*]

Long live our triumphant General !

Long live our triumphant General !

MATRONS (*coming down from the stand*). Monstrous ! !
Monstrous ! !

PATRICIANS. What has happened, noble matrons ?

1ST MATRON. Even the ferocious populace itself is sighing with pity and cursing Caesar and Cleopatra at the sight of that poor girl !

PATRICIANS. Whom do you mean ?

2ND MATRON. Arsinoe ! Arsinoe, Cleopatra's sister !

PATRICIANS. And what of her ?

1ST MATRON. She is among the prisoners of war.

2ND MATRON. All loaded with chains !

PATRICIANS. And Cleopatra is witnessing the triumph ?

1ST MATRON. From Caesar's gardens !

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2ND MATRON. All smiles !

1ST PATRICIAN. It is really monstrous. What is happening in Rome ?

1ST MATRON. O Romans, what wild beast is this that your master has brought into Rome ?

2ND MATRON. And what is this master of yours, I ask you ?

FAVONIUS. Hush, women, hush ! We are going to pay our debt to him. Caesar, Caesar, if only you had been a Sulla, we, the flower of the citizens, should be acting differently now !

10TH PATRICIAN (*going away with a few others*). It is monstrous, really monstrous. Caesar does not give such orders, but they are the consequences of the state of affairs created by him.

11TH PATRICIAN. There is some conspiracy beneath it. Among the Caesarians there are many who have their own good reasons for pushing matters to extremes. They originate atrocities of this kind to arouse public indignation against him, and by this means to exasperate him and drive him to the proscriptions.

12TH PATRICIAN. All that is more displeasing to Rome than tyranny itself. Is that not so ?

11TH PATRICIAN. That is assuredly true.

12TH PATRICIAN. Assuredly.

[*Exeunt ALL except CASSIUS, some MATRONS, GAIUS LIGARIUS, LABEO and TULLIUS CIMBER.*]

SCENE V

CASSIUS, MATRONS, LIGARIUS, LABEO, CIMBER.

1ST MATRON. Did you hear the conversation between Cicero and Cleopatra, Cassius?

CASSIUS. What conversation?

2ND MATRON. The one they had just now, when Arsinoe appeared among the prisoners.

1ST MATRON. Cicero asked her, "Do you wish us to intercede for your sister, Queen?" Cleopatra replied to him, "It is a kind thought and a worthy theme for your eloquence, but I should prefer four senators to carry my litter."

CASSIUS. You are Posthumia and your husband is Servius Sulpicius. Do not look for one of Caesar's enemies in me. Farewell. Most noble Tertulla, I should like to give myself the pleasure of your company, but I must have a few words with these friends of mine. Farewell.

[*The MATRONS scatter to all parts and disappear.*]

SCENE VI

CASSIUS, LIGARIUS, LABEO, CIMBER.

CASSIUS. I tell you we cannot do without him.

LIGARIUS. I, on the contrary, think that we ought to leave out Cicero and Brutus.

CASSIUS. Cicero yes, he is old and weak ; Brutus no. His name is a watchword. Have any of you made any disclosure to anyone ?

LABEO. I have to Albinus.

CASSIUS. Have a care. He who betrays Caesar may betray us.

LIGARIUS. Consider, Cassius, it will be difficult for us to do without traitors.

CIMBER. I have won over Gaius Trebonius.

CASSIUS. He is safe ?

CIMBER. Quite safe.

LIGARIUS. What if we were to sound men of Dola-bella's type ?

CASSIUS. No. That fellow passes the limit of traitors even. I tell you Rome is all anti-Caesarian. The remnants of the Senate, the followers of Pompey, both those who have been pardoned under the amnesty and those who have not, the profound republican spirit, Roman liberty, Roman pride, all the traditions of the ages, are against Caesar. Add to that the fact that in remaking Rome

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after his own design he has unmade too many Romans that have been his instruments, beginning with the plebians who have been robbed of their desire of celebrating with him their grand Catilinarian Saturnalia and finishing with every kind of follower who had dreamed of becoming at least a petty tyrant under the tyrant. There is weariness of Caesar, there is disgust with Caesar, which has spread like a contagious disease. And therefore he may surpass himself, put his hand to undertakings even more grandiose than those of the past, capable of making Rome eternal and of carrying the Empire to the extreme limits of the world known and unknown ; all he may do, will be in vain. Few then are enough to carry out what we have in hand. But let them be well chosen, with as much decorum at least as Rome to-day can give.

LIGARIUS *and* LABEO. Here is Brutus.

CASSIUS. Leave me with him.

LIGARIUS. Look at him. He seems like Brutus of old meditating the condemnation of his sons. And he is nothing but one of Caesar's many satellites.

CASSIUS. On the contrary, I tell you that that gloomy face on a day like this gives me good reason for hope. He is a mixture of vanity and fanaticism, of egoism and of love for the human race. I will take him on all sides. Leave me.

[The three go away.]

CASSIUS. Let us see if we can take possession of this woman.

[The sounds of the triumph burst forth near by.]
[BRUTUS appears before CASSIUS.]

SCENE VII

BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

CASSIUS. Brutus.

BRUTUS. Cassius.

CASSIUS. Why do you avoid me, Brutus, and Junia and the other members of our household ?

BRUTUS. Avoid you ? Why ?

CASSIUS. That is what I am asking you.

BRUTUS. But I do not know why you think that. Tell me. Have you seen Caesar ?

CASSIUS. Yes, I have seen him. Let me speak. I am bound to think that you have changed towards me, because we are both candidates for the urban praetorship.

BRUTUS. You have not the slightest reason for thinking that.

CASSIUS. In fact, I know your heart well. Listen then. Yesterday I went with the others to pay due homage to Caesar without the walls, and Caesar was most courteous and said to me, " Cassius, you do not deserve the praetorship less than Brutus ; but if I assign it to him because of a debt of a long-standing friendship, do not take it amiss. Know that I am reserving the governorship of Syria for you." And afterwards he invited me to the triumph, as you see, and to the banquet. We parted friends.

BRUTUS. Really ?

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CASSIUS. Really. Why should it be otherwise ?

BRUTUS. Because it is.

CASSIUS. No. Are you, perhaps, sorry for my friendship for Caesar ? And yet, are you not yourself his great friend ?

BRUTUS. I am his friend.

CASSIUS. More than would appear from your words and your acts. You are Caesar's well-loved friend and you should be glad that others too are his friends. It is not enough that he should be powerful and all-powerful ; he ought also to be loved. Do you not think so ?

BRUTUS. I do think so.

CASSIUS. Why do you doubt me ?

BRUTUS. Because you have always hated him with a deadly hatred.

CASSIUS. That is not true.

BRUTUS. It is true.

CASSIUS. I have fought against him, you mean. But you, too, perhaps, did not fight against him up to Pharsalia ? Up to Pharsalia, I said, Brutus. And perhaps you hate him now ? No. You love him. And why should I hate him ?

BRUTUS. After Pharsalia you met him in the Hellespont. You had ten warships, while Caesar was advancing upon a single small boat. And you, a veteran of the Parthian war, lost courage before him. I know you, Cassius. You will never be able to forgive him that cowardice of yours.

CASSIUS. You have said it, Brutus. Was I not a veteran of the Parthian war and a good veteran ? And had I not with me ten warships ? If then I surrendered to Caesar, it was because I thought that his boat was borne by the

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Gods themselves and was carrying the destinies of our Fatherland. Perhaps I was mistaken, Marcus Brutus ?

BRUTUS. There is the difference between us. You fought against him with hatred, I without.

CASSIUS. Reply to my question. Perhaps I was mistaken, Marcus Brutus ?

BRUTUS. You fought against him and always will fight against him for the sake of vengeance. I fought against him for the love of Rome.

CASSIUS. Answer my question.

BRUTUS. You fought against him and will fight against him till the end through envy, Cassius. I fought against him for the right of Rome.

CASSIUS. But will you answer my question. Perhaps I was mistaken, Marcus Brutus ?

BRUTUS. In what ?

CASSIUS. In thinking, as I have told you, that Caesar was arbiter of the destinies of Rome.

BRUTUS. What answer do you want ?

CASSIUS. A simple answer to my simple question.

BRUTUS. You have begun to beat about the bush.

CASSIUS. No. My speech is direct and sincere. You accuse me of hating Caesar for the little episode in the Hellespont, and I answer you that in that encounter I lowered my arms before him in consideration of that which it already appeared to me he had become for the Republic.

BRUTUS. And what did it appear to you that he had become ?

CASSIUS. I have told you : all-powerful, the arbiter, everything. Is that not your opinion too ?

BRUTUS. It is certainly yours.

CASSIUS. Certainly. Now I conclude that one can

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fight with and crush Caesar so long as he remains Caesar ; but when Caesar becomes identified with Rome, one must be very careful not to strike Rome in striking him. You want to know what is at the bottom of my thought ? Know that I ended by becoming a Caesarian through the dread of fresh civil war that would be the end of Rome and of the Empire. I have become a Caesarian to-day for the same reasons, I think, that you have been a Caesarian ever since Pharsalia. It is true that you are the great Brutus, but it is also true that even little men like me can be guided by a sincere love for the Republic. In fine, my brother, there is no longer anything to do for you or for me. That which is done, is done. The fate of Caesar and of Rome is now settled and does not change. To-day after so many wars against Barbarians and Romans, Caesar celebrates his triumph. I have no more to say to you. I am going to wonder at Caesar's triumph. Farewell.

BRUTUS. Come here, Cassius.

CASSIUS. What do you wish to say to me, my brother ? More hard words ?

BRUTUS. That which you maintain is not true.

CASSIUS. That which I maintain ?

BRUTUS. Yes. That all is done and there is nothing more to do. I, on the other hand, expect some work from Caesar.

CASSIUS. Why only just now your gloomy face was remarked upon. What are you meditating ? And, by your favour, what work are you expecting from Caesar ?

BRUTUS. The work he will begin to do.

CASSIUS. From to-day ?

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BRUTUS. From to-day. Is he not setting foot within the City once again to-day ?

CASSIUS. From to-day you are taking up a new attitude towards Caesar ?

BRUTUS. Yes.

CASSIUS. After a long interlude.

BRUTUS. Long, but of my own seeking.

CASSIUS. But he has set foot in the City more than once, even since Pharsalia.

BRUTUS. Yes, but the civil wars have only now come to an end. And so far I have wished to be at his side to win his friendship and confidence.

CASSIUS. Because he granted you the lives of the Roman prisoners on the field of Pharsalia ?

BRUTUS. Yes. But he granted me something quite different, or better, I obliged him to restore something quite different, not to me, but to Rome. I opposed him in the hour of his victory and prevented him from assuming the power of life and death over Roman patricians and senators.

CASSIUS. It is your glory. And it is exactly the same as in the case of gratitude. When Titius does kindness to Gaius, it would appear that Gaius should feel himself bound to Titius through gratitude ; whereas instead it is Titius who feels himself bound to Gaius through the memory of the kindness he has done him. And you in the same way feel yourself bound to Caesar through the memory of the power you once had over him.

BRUTUS. I know what you are aiming at. You want to sound me. But I tell you once and for all that I intend to be Caesar's guide, not his enemy.

CASSIUS. O Brutus, what unfathomable depths of pride !

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Caesar's guide ! Was man ever seen to take so much upon himself ! Caesar's guide ! Whatever are you saying ? The guide of a man who has set himself above all laws divine and human and who drags the majesty of Rome behind his triumphal chariot ? You, Brutus, want to be Caesar's guide ?

BRUTUS. Yes.

CASSIUS. And for how long ?

BRUTUS. As long as I consider it is my duty and is possible.

CASSIUS. *You* will judge ?

BRUTUS. Yes, I.

CASSIUS. And when you consider that it is no longer possible ?

BRUTUS. I shall still know what to do.

CASSIUS. What will you do ? Answer, Brutus. Do not hide your thoughts from me now, my brother. What, what will you do then ?

BRUTUS. As always, my duty.

CASSIUS. What ? Answer. Or I will answer for you. Brutus, let us cut short subterfuges. I will tell you what is passing through your mind.

BRUTUS. What is it then ?

CASSIUS. What you yourself express, Brutus, when the speeches you have made in your heart escape from your lips. Have you not said just now within yourself and to some other, "Not to command, certainly, but servitude never under any guise." Brutus, whose slave are you ? Whose slaves are we all ? Whose slave is Rome ? Answer. If you remain silent, I shall know that you are striving in appearance to escape me, but in reality to escape yourself.

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BRUTUS. Cassius, to what goal do you wish to bring me ?

CASSIUS. You have yourself given it a name. To do your duty.

BRUTUS. Be plain with me. What is my duty in your opinion ?

CASSIUS. Do you ask it of me now, Brutus ?

BRUTUS. I do, Cassius.

CASSIUS. But you alluded to it just now with the accent of conscious decision. Supposing I could repeat to you what is whispered about you throughout Rome, the reflections concerning your person that are passing from mouth to mouth. They are whispering, "When our master is angry, will Brutus reconcile him to us ?" And again, "See how history changes ! Brutus is the friend of Caesar ! So his name has become meaningless ?" Then others came to me sounding me covertly and saying, "How we wish that we, too, were relations and friends of Brutus ! Give him our greetings and the expression of our complete devotion because we are sure that he will live up to the name he bears."

BRUTUS. No one has spoken so to you, Cassius.

CASSIUS. You say that to smother a voice within which rebukes you.

BRUTUS. What voice ?

CASSIUS. The voice to which you listened at Pharsalia, but to which you listen no longer. The voice of Rome.

BRUTUS. It is not true, Cassius.

CASSIUS. Do not deny it. Or I will add something else that is being said about you.

BRUTUS. And what is that ?

CASSIUS. They are saying, "Brutus, a great name but

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an insignificant person. To see him one would think he was his ancestor meditating his great act of a liberator against the life of his own sons, but in reality he is the most tame of all Caesar's satellites."

BRUTUS. No one has spoken so to you, O dread Cassius, and you alone are acting all the parts of the Romans and of Rome.

CASSIUS. Shall I then give you another piece of news, my blind and deaf brother?

BRUTUS. What news?

CASSIUS. News of the accusation that is being made against you.

BRUTUS. An accusation is being made against me?

CASSIUS. And a serious one. That of having accepted the government of a province from Caesar. Yes, because men are still willing to believe you the purest of the Romans both because you are the nephew of the unfortunate Cato and because your name is Brutus.

BRUTUS. You know me better than any other Roman, Cassius. You know that my friendship for Caesar did not hide any deception or treachery. It was a loyal friendship, in accordance with my disposition.

CASSIUS. "Did not hide," "was," you have said it!

BRUTUS. I have said it. I wish to add this: when I accepted the government of a province, I accepted it from a friend. But now if our fellow-citizens are judging me as you say, I must admit that I did wrong. And I recognise that I did do wrong. From this moment, Cassius, we must both renounce the urban praetorship.

CASSIUS. It is done.

BRUTUS. Give me your hand.

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CASSIUS. Here is my hand. Let this be the beginning of a pact that must be made between us.

BRUTUS. I agree.

CASSIUS. Now I want you to realise that my renunciation has one value and yours another. What am I in comparison with you? In the Hellespont I surrendered at discretion. At Pharsalia you, falling then in no way short of yourself, of your name or of your forbears, you alone, when Rome was vanquished, had the better of him. I could be a Caesarian like any other man, but not you. No, Brutus, not you.

BRUTUS. Cassius.

CASSIUS. Tell me what you will, my brother. You have the appearance of a man who is suffering at heart.

BRUTUS. Cassius, listen to me.

CASSIUS. I am listening. Speak.

BRUTUS. Were you speaking in all sincerity when you said a fresh civil war must be avoided at all costs?

CASSIUS. I was speaking in all sincerity as I always speak. Are you not of the same opinion?

BRUTUS. I am, but now I am questioning you.

CASSIUS. Question me. Speak. Do not make these pauses. At any moment, when the triumph has passed, the people may come down from the stands.

BRUTUS. I ask you: if not a fresh war, what other way?

CASSIUS. What other way?

BRUTUS. Yes. Does another way remain open?

CASSIUS. Add that Caesar is invincible.

BRUTUS. In war he is invincible.

CASSIUS. It is so. Even if all the greatest captains of Rome and the strongest kings and generals of the

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Barbarians that were in the past, were to return to life, they would not constitute an invincibility equal to that of this one terrible Caesar.

BRUTUS. Caesar is as invincible as you say in war.

CASSIUS. I follow the drift of your thought.

BRUTUS. If this is true, what other course of action is there for the liberation of Rome?

CASSIUS. Yet we should be right in adopting any course of action for the liberation of Rome.

BRUTUS. Cassius.

CASSIUS. Why do you hide your face with your toga and with your arm? From what sight would you hide your eyes? Gaze rather upon the will of the Gods and upon your glory. The Immortal Gods were very gracious to you and destined you for a deed that without compare surpasses that of your great ancestor whose name you bear. For he liberated our country from a petty king, whilst you are called to free her from a tyrant whose peer no race and no age has ever seen. O Brutus, you are the man you should be when your great ancestor is reborn in you. This happened at Pharsalia and may the Gods grant that it happen again for the fulfilment of the task. I will say nothing else to you now. First you wronged me, accusing me of envy. Know that the true Roman feels no envy; he strikes. Envy is of those who stand before him with trembling hands and flinching eyes; I gaze upon him and do not tremble. Envy devours envy and dies; I mean the generous youth that lives upon the stupendous fortune of that incomparable man. But I am a Roman brought up through long ages by proud Rome not to endure masters, and whatever I might do I could not endure them. And I am a practical

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man who has been obliged to bring you back to reality, Brutus, even beating about the bush in opposition to his straightforward character, because the central fact must be reached and his diffidence has compelled him to proceed cautiously. You have time to reflect and to decide. I and the best of the Roman citizens, senators and patricians hope to have you for our leader. This it is in your power to be or to leave yourself, us and Rome in servitude.

SCENE VIII

CASSIUS, BRUTUS *and* JUNIA.

JUNIA (*coming down from the stand*). Brutus !

CASSIUS. Why have you left Portia alone ?

JUNIA. Listen !

CASSIUS. What has happened ?

JUNIA. Portia was sitting speechless and without moving even an eyelid. But suddenly she got up, and turning pale seized me by the arm. In the train of the triumph some pictures were being carried representing the deaths of the most famous followers of Pompey. I tried in vain to take her away. Gradually as the pictures passed she became paler and paler and her eyes filled with tears, for she was expecting to see the death of her father. When she saw it, she gave a little cry as if her heart were broken and said to me, "Take me to my litter !" The maid-servants and I took her. She has gone home.

CASSIUS. So suffer the Roman women, the image of Rome.

JUNIA. What will Brutus say ?

CASSIUS. We shall see. Meanwhile do you go quickly to Portia and try to comfort her.

JUNIA. I obey you, Cassius.

CASSIUS. Here is Caesar's wife.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IX

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CALPURNIA, SERVILIA.

CASSIUS. Calpurnia, representations of the deaths of the conquered citizens were carried in the triumph and Portia, Brutus' wife, has seen that of her father's suicide.

CALPURNIA. Mercy upon Caesar ! Can any one suppose that Caesar knows anything of it ? This is the work of his enemies.

SERVILIA. Or of his flatterers who are the worst of his enemies.

CASSIUS. One certainly could not imagine anything more offensive to Rome and to the memory of those Romans who, in fighting against Caesar, thought that they were defending the good cause and fell.

CALPURNIA. Remember the murder of the Consul Marcellus at Athens, Cassius. All accused Caesar of it, but Brutus was the first to recognise the falsity of the charge. Do you help me, Brutus.

SERVILIA. Could we possibly ascribe Cato's death to Caesar ? No. Caesar was never more sincere than when he said, " O Cato, what glory it would have been for me to have been able to save thee." Speak, Brutus, my son. My dear Calpurnia, do not take Brutus' silence amiss.

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His silence arises from grief at seeing with what folly or perfidy every effort is being made to throw a shadow upon Caesar's glory.

CASSIUS. The Gods grant that it may be so.

CALPURNIA. Brutus is able to speak to Caesar and it is his duty. Here comes Antony.

17. 17.

SCENE X

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CALPURNIA, SERVILIA, ANTONY.

ANTONY. Calpurnia !

CALPURNIA. Antony.

ANTONY. Good and glorious tidings ! Caesar has ascended the Capitol in triumph !

CASSIUS. Could it be otherwise ?

ANTONY. Yes, if he were not Caesar. But Caesar conquers ! Do you know, when the triumphal chariot arrived in the Forum the axle of the wheels was bent !

CASSIUS. A bad omen ! Why are you frightened, noble Calpurnia ?

CALPURNIA. I am not frightened, Cassius. Tell me, Antony, the axle was bent ?

ANTONY. Yes.

CASSIUS. And Caesar ?

ANTONY. He scarcely grazed the ground with his foot, Cassius.

CASSIUS. That is not so bad, Brutus. Noble Servilia, take Calpurnia home.

CALPURNIA. No, Cassius. Caesar did graze the ground ?

CASSIUS. And the people, Antony ?

ANTONY. Caesar did not give them time. With the agility of a young man, he sprang down from the chariot and knelt, and in that way upon his knees made the ascent of the whole stairway of the Capitol right up to the

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Temple of Jupiter. What happened then is beyond description. The immense multitude, which covered the hill and the Forum as if it were at last aware of what had befallen its beloved Caesar, became a prey to a delirium of enthusiasm and exultation. People embraced one another and cried to Caesar their triumphant saviour, and their voices sounded strangled and choked in their throats by the violence of their emotion. Incomparable Caesar of ours, this day was destined to come for thee ! Calpurnia, friends, Rome had never seen a general so great at the hour of his triumph nor such a triumph.

CASSIUS. O wonderful, mighty Caesar, who dost confound the very designs of the Gods in the presence of the People of Rome !

CALPURNIA. And Caesar himself, how was he ?

ANTONY. He arose with a smiling face and placed the triumphal chaplet upon the head of Jupiter. To see his veterans then who surrounded him ! Caesar's face was aglow as if all the glory of a thousand victories were alight there and those rude and faithful soldiers remembered Gaul and the Rhine and Britain and Spain and Africa—and some threw themselves at the feet of their captain, others, as though they would exalt him to a triumph yet higher than that decreed him by the People of Rome, raised him upon their shields acclaiming him with such force that we felt the Capitol tremble beneath our feet. "Glory of Caesar, woe to him who touches thee !" These were the words of the people and the legions.

CASSIUS. Where will not the enthusiasm of the people and of the Legions lead us, Brutus ?

CALPURNIA. Brutus, let us go to meet Caesar. I should like every cloud to disappear from your soul.

SCENE XI

CASSIUS *and* ANTONY.

CASSIUS (*detaining* ANTONY). Antony, there is a rumour that the veterans wish to proclaim him king.

ANTONY. As a schoolboy you punched Faustus, Sulla's son, through hatred of his father's dictatorship.

CASSIUS. I might answer, "Sense comes with years." Unfortunately for the sake of Rome's peace it is necessary for Caesar to have great power. Yet my mind, my disposition, my whole being, would not have him king and will scarcely tolerate this perpetual dictatorship of his. But what am I?

ANTONY. The Fathers are decreeing him great honours.

CASSIUS. What honours?

ANTONY. They are making him a God.

CASSIUS. And I am in all sincerity sorry for that too. Only on condition of being able to be his sincere enemy, should the need arise, will I remain Caesar's friend. Where are you going?

ANTONY. To preside at the public banquet with Dolabella and other friends.

CASSIUS. And I to the Senate where I would moderate the zeal of the Fathers in decreeing honours to Caesar. And you, Antony, for your part, should study the people to know what is really their will with regard to the

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rumours that are afloat. For it is certain that where the Fathers will give tenfold the People will want to give twentyfold, and it would be necessary on the other hand to set a limit to the exaggerations of both. This is what Caesar's true and sincere friends are thinking. Will you support me in my candidature for the urban praetorship, Antony ?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII

CAESAR, CALPURNIA, SERVILIA, BRUTUS, CAESAR'S
SUITE.

CAESAR (*enters in triumphal robes with CALPURNIA, SERVILIA, BRUTUS and a large suite, and having dismissed the latter he turns to BRUTUS*). My dear friend, give me your arm. Calpurnia, do you go back into the house and make supplications to the household gods, that all may be attended by good fortune, when I, having brought my undertaking to a good end, shall touch the threshold of our house. And have everything ready to receive the guests worthily.

[*Exeunt CALPURNIA and SERVILIA into the house.*]

SCENE XIII

CAESAR *and* BRUTUS.

CAESAR. Sit here beside me, my friend. (*They sit.*) I have thought of you during the triumph and now it is delightful to pass a short time in your company. What are you thinking about? What is the matter, Brutus? You know that nothing escapes Caesar's eye. Not even the slightest shadow that crosses a friend's soul. This morning when I saw you, you seemed to be pleased at my triumph. Something has displeased you since? Tell me, Brutus.

BRUTUS. Caesar, I am waiting for but one word from you.

CAESAR. One word? What word?

BRUTUS. One word upon which everything may depend.

CAESAR. Ask me your question.

BRUTUS. Are we at the beginning of a new era?

CAESAR. A new era?

BRUTUS. The meaning of my question is, are you going to restore liberty to Rome?

CAESAR (*stroking* BRUTUS' *hair*). My friend, do you remember Pharsalia? Do you know why I desired your friendship then and why to gain it I acted in accordance with your wishes? Because it appeared to me that all

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the virtues were gathered together in you to form perfect wisdom, the manly Roman virtues and the Greek ones, besides those which are born of the mysterious spirit of the future. I had confidence then that I should succeed some day in making you, too, see the reality of Rome. But you do not see it yet. Tell me then, Brutus, you think perhaps that we are still living at the time of the Punic wars? Have you forgotten that I was not the first to wage civil wars? That I was not the first to fight those sovran orders that are called the Senate and the People of Rome? Open your eyes at last, Brutus, and see the changes that have taken place. You asked me just now whether I shall restore liberty to Rome. But can I put the question better and ask you whether I ought to restore liberty to Rome or rather whether Rome ought not to restore liberty to me? My friend, when do you think that Sulla reached the depths of his cruel egoism? When he retired into private life. And I, if I thought only of myself, would follow his example. Make yourself very sure, my friend, that Caesar is to-day the most tragic being that lives upon the earth. I have been wanting to tell you that, when I disappear, either some one will come to continue my work or Rome and the Empire will fall into ruin.

BRUTUS. My reply, Caesar, is this: At Pharsalia I told you what Rome is. Liberty, justice, humanity. Now I add, if Rome is to be something else, if she has to lose liberty, it were better that she should perish.

CAESAR (*springing to his feet*). Who are you to speak in this way? Are you a Roman, you word bargainer? Do you not know what Rome is? Have you never looked a legionary in the face? Have you not seen how

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he is covered with wounds and scars ? Do you not know that his father was like that, and the father of his father, and all from the very origins ? This is Rome. Tell me, have you not travelled from West to East and from North to South and have you not seen the men who in every part of the world have made roads to enable them to advance, and rivers and mountains and seas do not stay them and wherever they stop they plant the standards of their city and multiply their race, to advance and dominate yet further ? This is Rome. And have you not in Europe, in Asia, in Africa but named Rome, and have you not seen not only men, not only kings, but entire peoples rise and await a sign, trembling and in silence ? This is Rome. This is Rome, young man.

BRUTUS. I only wish to tell you, Caesar, that we are at the parting of our ways.

CAESAR. Condescension ! The ways of Brutus and those of Caesar, from equal to equal. If you had not been a boy at the time of my consulship you could have recognised in me a man hurling himself with great boldness into the strife for power. But that man was but the rough embryo of Caesar. At Pharsalia you recognised a man who intended to harvest the due fruits of his hard won victory. But that man had raised himself above all and everybody to become Caesar. And to-day Caesar is Caesar. Caesar alone can extend his power over the whole Empire. And all Caesar does, is done for Rome. Caesar loves Rome. If the flower of all generations of Romans that have been or that are to come, could meet in this hour that is passing, all their love for Rome could not equal Caesar's love. Caesar loves Rome

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and is united with her. And only by his grace will Rome and Empire live.

BRUTUS. But Rome's life should be bound up with liberty.

CAESAR. It should be bound up with Caesar. Many will come after me and take my name, but only one is Caesar. Even I, born to be united with Rome. I was born in such complete union with Rome that even in the past, when I wished to augment myself and my power, I augmented Rome. My noble mother conceived me in the power of Rome and my very ambition itself was but the mask of the power of Rome. This drove me on into Gaul, into Germany, into Britain. Then the vibrations of my power shook the foundations of the world. I adventured myself upon unexplored rivers and upon the unknown sea and the dangers became contemptible and vanished at my presence. But all that I did was for Rome.

BRUTUS. Caesar, I will conquer you. I shall be able to bend you so that you will give back liberty to Rome.

CAESAR. Obstinacy ! Is not this magnanimity ? Is not this its very stamp ? This is the way I used to take your face in my hands when you were a child. O fruit of my greatest love, I see your features !

BRUTUS. Promise, Caesar, that you will listen when I speak to you.

CAESAR. You have proposals, my dear Brutus ?

BRUTUS. I have my own idea.

CAESAR. I will listen when you speak. And you will believe me ? We are two men, one human life face to face with another. I ask you, whatever decision is bound to be made, will you believe in me as I do in you ? You know,

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my dear Brutus, the future ages will recognise Caesar's ambition. They will recognise Caesar's activity. They will recognise Caesar's greatness. But they will not know Caesar's sincerity. Do you believe me ?

BRUTUS. I do.

CAESAR. I have used all the arts of simulation and dissimulation, Brutus. I have enmeshed men and peoples with the wiles with which my power has always been accompanied. But now my sincerity is greater than the significance of the word, than its significance to you, Brutus. You will believe me ?

BRUTUS. Brutus will believe you.

CAESAR. You know, my dear Brutus, this man who has transformed Rome and the Empire, this man at whose beck the whole world lies, is a solitary and his life is a monologue. I have risen to a height never attained before by any of those men who have been favoured of the Gods, and the higher I rise the more solitary I become and the more my life becomes a monologue. Now to-day I have touched the summit. I have won every victory, I have destroyed all my enemies, I have celebrated every triumph. But my solitude is even greater. In you I sought a friend. And now I seek more than a friend. Are you willing to be that ? Are you that, my dear Brutus ?

BRUTUS. Yes, Caesar.

CAESAR. You love me then ?

BRUTUS. Yes.

CAESAR. Brutus, my son, come, be my guest.

[They are just going to enter the house when the SENATORS join them.]

SCENE XIV

CAESAR, BRUTUS, SENATORS, CASSIUS, LIGARIUS, LABEO,
CIMBER, GAIUS TREBONIUS.

1ST SENATOR. We come, Caesar, to announce to you the honours decreed to you by the Senate. To wit : Caesar shall have a house upon the Palatine, a triumphal robe upon all state occasions and solemn festivals, a laurel crown, a chain of gold. Annual festivals shall be held on the anniversaries of his victories, annual prayers shall be offered for his health, and quinquennial games held in his honour. The month of Quinctilis shall take its name from him.

2ND SENATOR. The Senate has ordered, Caesar, that these decrees also shall be cut in letters of gold upon silver tablets and placed at the foot of Jupiter on the Capitol. Knights and young senators shall form your body-guard, you shall have the title of Imperator and Pontifex Maximus and the right of transmitting them to your sons and your sons' sons. You shall be Dictator for life and shall have the title of *Pater Patriæ*.

3RD SENATOR. The Senate has made these decrees too. A temple shall be erected to Jupiter and the Goddess Clemency, oaths shall be taken by the fortune of Caesar, his statue shall be placed in the Temple of Quirinus with the dedication, "To the invincible God." He shall be

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called "Divus Julius," and divine honour shall be paid to him.

CAESAR. I beg you, my dear friends, thank the Senate for the many honours that it has decreed me, I think to incite me to make with you an equal number of good laws. With this thought I accept them and we will make the good laws. With regard to the title of "Divine" that has been given me, you, while adopting this custom from the Orientals, doubtless have the intention of reminding me that I am descended through Iulus from the most adorable of the Goddesses, and you have done it so that in my government of the Republic I may ever keep before my eyes the wisdom and justice of the Immortal Gods. I thank you, my dear friends, and I hope to see you again at the consecration of the new temple dedicated to my Divine Ancestress. Are yet more coming?

CASSIUS. After the Senate the People, O Divine Julius.

[CAESAR goes to meet the people who are arriving.]

CASSIUS. Do I see Brutus weeping?

BRUTUS. My grief, Cassius, is not to be expressed by weeping, not even if I could shed blood in the place of tears.

CASSIUS. The pure champion of the true Roman spirit may well weep, for, even though Caesar had no wish to be a tyrant, the Romans wish to be slaves.

SCENE XV

CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, LIGARIUS, LABEO, CIMBER,
ALBINUS, CAIUS TREBONIUS, SENATE, PEOPLE,
ANTONY.

PEOPLE. Long live Caesar !

1ST MAN OF THE PEOPLE. Caesar ! You have invited two hundred thousand Romans. We shall eat the bread and drink the wine you offer us as a brother to brothers. But, because you are great, generous and magnificent as no other descendant of Father Romulus ever was, we throw at your feet all the garlands of the banquet as if every Roman citizen gave you a royal crown. Be our king !

CAESAR (*to ANTONY in anger, while many people cast garlands at his feet*). Leader of madmen, is this the way you do me honour ? (*To the PEOPLE.*) Citizens ! King of the banquet, if you will, but not king of our Republic. I offer you bread and wine as a brother to brothers, and if my modest house were as big as Rome I would like to welcome you all therein as my dearest guests. But I will not be your king. Call me your consul, when I occupy that office, or dictator because it is in accordance with the wishes of the Senate ; or Pontifex Maximus or Triumphator because I am the Pontifex Maximus and I have celebrated a triumph. Or if you will give me the name

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which would sound most pleasantly to my ear and to which I should most willingly reply, give me my own name and call me simply your Caesar.

PEOPLE (*with acclamations more frantic than before*).
Our Caesar ! Our Caesar !

2ND MAN OF THE PEOPLE. Caesar, in this moment you have risen as much above yourself as you had risen before above the other Romans because you have refused the royal crown which was offered to you.

[PEOPLE *set up new acclamations yet more frantic than the others*.

CAESAR (*to ANTONY*). Listen. They did not make so noisy a demonstration of their pleasure in throwing the garlands. (*To the PEOPLE*.) I thank you, citizens, and I beg you to go quietly to the banquet. I will accept your garlands and lay them at the feet of Jupiter on the Capitol. (*To ANTONY*.) Antony, let this be the last time you act on your own initiative.

ANTONY. I thought I always read in you that you were aiming at this goal, General.

CAESAR. Did you receive the order ? Know that affairs must first mature in the deep mind of Caesar. Forward again. There is only here the wretchedness of the citizens and we will seek the golden and happy Rome in distant victory. (*To the PEOPLE*.) Fathers, citizens, Rome wishes us to be like her, and that our march forward should be without bounds. Do you think as I traversed the way of the triumph just now I was thinking of my past glories ? No. My eyes were fixed upon a distant point which we must reach as quickly as possible to make secure the boundaries of the Empire. Fathers, citizens, I will carry the eagles where Rome is crying out for

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vengeance. I announce to you my speedy departure to wage war against the Parthians.

SENATE AND PEOPLE. —Great Caesar !

—Mighty Caesar !

—Invincible arm of Rome !

—Unwearying arm of Rome !

—Youth of Rome !

—Hurrah, Hurrah !

CAESAR (*to BRUTUS and CASSIUS*). Be my guests, friends.

[He enters the house with ANTONY, having saluted the SENATE and PEOPLE who depart.]

SCENE XVI

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, LIGARIUS, LABEO, CIMBER, ALBINUS,
GAIUS TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS. You have decided, Brutus?

BRUTUS. Yes. We must strike at the root of the most anti-Roman of all corruptions, the taint of slavery.

CASSIUS AND THE OTHERS. Then you are with us?

BRUTUS. Yes, I am with you. Let it be done.

CASSIUS AND THE OTHERS. Let it be done.

BRUTUS. And as quickly as possible.

CASSIUS. Yes, Brutus. (*He embraces and kisses him.*)
We two will go to Caesar.

[*He enters the house with BRUTUS.*

[*Exeunt the rest.*

ACT V

ACT V

ACT V

ACT V

THE IDES OF MARCH

SCENE I

SCENE : CAESAR'S *house. Night.*

CALPURNIA, MAID SERVANTS.

CALPURNIA. Olympias, is it the third watch yet?

MAID SERVANT. Yes, mistress. The third watch has begun.

CALPURNIA. Lepidus' dinners never come to an end. They often go on drinking and talking right until morning. But this evening he promised to come home early, because for some days he has not been well, and he has to set out upon a journey. Look if any one is in sight, Olympias.

MAID SERVANT. There is no one in sight, mistress.

CALPURNIA. You do not hear a sound?

MAID SERVANT. No, mistress. No one is passing. Rome is asleep.

CALPURNIA. The night is clear, is it not?

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MAID SERVANT. Yes, the very faintest outline of the shadows cast by the Palatine is visible.

CALPURNIA. When he comes back he must not see that we have been a little anxious, because it would trouble him. And after all, whatever Caesar does is well done. Here he is.

SCENE II

CALPURNIA, CAESAR, ANTONY

CAESAR. My dear Calpurnia, you have stayed up for me till this hour. I am sorry.

CALPURNIA. I am not tired, Caesar.

CAESAR. You will rouse me, Antony, as soon as ever day breaks. I have some orders to give you. Then we will go to the Senate together.

CALPURNIA. Two letters, Caesar. But you need rest. You will read them after.

CAESAR. No, CALPURNIA. Give me them, I beg you. From the Rubicon. (*Reads.*) "The horses which you consecrated to the Gods and left in freedom, have refused to eat for some days and are weeping bitterly."

ANTONY. This comes from the Julian colony of Capua.

CAESAR. Read it.

ANTONY. "To-day we opened the grave of Capys, the founder of the city and we have found a tablet written in Greek which says, 'When the bones of Capys are discovered, hasten to give news of it to the descendants of Iulus.'" It says nothing else, Caesar.

CAESAR. With the new day, Antony, we must busy

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ourselves with the Parthian campaign. You yourself only know a small part of the enterprise.

ANTONY. I know that where Caesar is there are vast designs.

CAESAR. Come, Calpurnia.

[Exit with CALPURNIA.]

SCENE III

ANTONY, SPURINNA, PLANCUS

ANTONY (*softly at the door*). Spurrinna ! Janus Plancus !

SPURINNA (*entering with PLANCUS*). What is it ? Why do you wake us, Antony ?

ANTONY. Caesar has received a message telling him that the horses of the Rubicon have for some days refused food and a second message announcing other mysterious happenings at Capua.

SPURINNA. It is the Ides of March to-day.

ANTONY. Yes. And for that reason I seek reassurance from you.

PLANCUS. You are a soldier, Antony, and are full of confidence in your strength. You have always regarded us with a mocking smile on your lips.

ANTONY. Through my concern for Caesar, I needs must have recourse to you and believe you.

SPURINNA. You bear great love to Caesar.

ANTONY. More than love.

SPURINNA. You are bound to Caesar.

ANTONY. More than that.

SPURINNA. You are faithful to Caesar.

ANTONY. More than faithful. I am his. I live if he bids me live ; at his bidding I put an end to my life. Some day when men speak of Caesar, and they will

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speak of him in all ages and in all tongues, they will speak thus of Antony. For, you see, Caesar is a city surrounded by three circles of walls. In the first circle Caesar is what he is for all, what he is for the people, magnificent, munificent, omnipotent in the full splendour of his glory. In the second he is the wrestler, the man ready for good or for evil. But the few who have the fortune to penetrate into the third, know the treasures of his heart, his goodness, the grasp of his delicate hand, the fidelity of his friendship. And therefore Caesar cannot have lukewarm friends. Either he has friends who would lay down their lives for him or he has enemies who would take his life.

SPURINNA. Antony, know that our art is not prescience, but science. Know that sometimes in the corner of the eye of a manikin one sees the shadow of events of great import which are approaching.

PLANCUS. As from a cup of generous wine, O valiant Antony, the intoxicating spirits are diffused, so from the event issue innumerable signs in which the eyes of the divines read the future.

ANTONY. Before the event occurs.

SPURINNA. When the event is decided upon by destiny, which destiny is none other than the fate which each one prepares for himself with his own hands.

ANTONY. But Caesar has prepared an excellent fate for himself.

PLANCUS. Ask that question of those who write under the statue of the ancient Brutus, "If only thou wert alive." You have said, "Some love Caesar to the death, some hate him to the death."

SPURINNA. The great Brutus returns to life each night.

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He visits the pillows of many and arouses them from sleep. Rome is full of spectres and of folk who rise with caution but with fury at their hearts. The spectres speed through the city, and without voice they call to the muster. And their blood-shot eyes are fixed upon the East awaiting the dawn.

ANTONY. When we were going home just now, the night was clear and transparent as glass. The air appeared as if it could be pierced with the point of a dagger. Yet I saw Caesar, who was walking a little in front, stop once or twice and gaze fixedly as if he had seen something. I came to his side immediately and asked him, "My General, what is it, what do you see?" He murmured some words which I did not understand. You know how many plots are being woven against his precious life.

At dinner, at Lepidus' house, the conversation turned upon an unpleasant subject: What kind of death was to be preferred, and one said one thing and one another. Caesar said that an unexpected and quick death was to be desired. But in the very act of pronouncing these words he turned a little pale and looked at Brutus Albinus. Wherefore, O Diviners, go and inspect the victims until they give you a good answer for my General.

SPURINNA. We will do as you say.

[Exit with PLANCUS.]

SCENE IV

ANTONY *and* CAESAR.

CAESAR (*appearing on the threshold*). It is day and you have not knocked at the door.

ANTONY. The dawn has only just broken. And I wanted you to rest a little longer.

CAESAR. Has some door slammed?

ANTONY. No. I have not heard it.

CAESAR. I thought so. Look at this. (*Shows him a paper.*) This is the route we shall take. Here is Parthia. We shall invade it from this point.

CALPURNIA (*in the next room crying out in her sleep*). Ah, Ah!

CAESAR. You hear? She is asleep and the first light of the morning is falling gently upon her face which is whiter than a marble statue. It is motionless and appears calm. What hostile dream can be rending her noble heart?

ANTONY. Caesar, Spurinna and Plancus are up already and are asking the will of the Gods.

CAESAR. Very good. You will set out for Brundisium to-day and set sail for Apollonia where my nephew Octavius is. You will announce my arrival to him, because I have decided to put forward the time of my departure. I am leaving Rome in four days. Let him

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wait for me at Apollonia with ten of the legions that have already crossed over. You with the others will move on the same day and passing through Macedonia and Thessaly will go down to Demetrias where you will find a good supply of arms ready. You will leave at once, after having accompanied me to the Senate. When this morning I announce the enterprise I have undertaken, Rome will be amazed, and at all the frontiers of the Empire the Barbarians will tremble. Caesar is but now beginning.

ANTONY. Good news, General ! When you speak of the Parthians, your eyes flash, because you see future victories. But just for that reason, because the way is long and you have so much to do, take a little rest at least during the next few days.

CAESAR. Antony, we carry in our breasts the organ which guards the spring of life and this never rests. I wish to enquire of the priests and the diviners.

ANTONY. Yes, General. They will be sure to have obtained an excellent reply by now. I will call them, my General. Spurinna !

SCENE V

CAESAR, ANTONY, SPURINNA.

SPURINNA. Here am I, divine Julius.

CAESAR. You have killed the victims?

SPURINNA. We have, divine Julius.

CAESAR. And what do they tell you?

SPURINNA. The day that is beginning is not lucky.
Refrain from business.

CAESAR. Spurrinna, are you at peace with Gods and men? Is your heart pure? Do you in your very heart wish good or evil to the man who is standing before you?

SPURINNA. Divine Julius!

CAESAR. Do not fear, Spurrinna. I will content myself by saying that what you are doing is very difficult, for you must have not only sharp eyes to catch the least movements of the quivering entrails, but you must have a mind free from all passions to understand them without altering them. Go, Spurrinna, and wait for me over there. I will come just now and sacrifice for myself.

[Exit SPURINNA.]

And all you who stand by me, be of good courage. We must accomplish great things and therefore the Gods have care of us. No one touches Caesar.

SCENE VI

CAESAR, ANTONY, CALPURNIA.

[CALPURNIA appears on the threshold.]

CAESAR. Calpurnia !

CALPURNIA. Caesar !

CAESAR. What is the matter ?

CALPURNIA. Nothing to trouble me, my dear Caesar.

CAESAR. I thought that a dream was harassing you.

CALPURNIA. I am accustomed to loneliness, but this time the thought that you are leaving me for a fresh campaign is harder to bear because I thought that your time of rest had come.

CAESAR. Rome will not have it so.

CALPURNIA. What shall I do when you are again far from me ?

CAESAR. Your spirit will breathe upon all the fine works that must be accomplished during my absence. And under your loving care the work at our villa at Aricia will be brought to an end. And you will be on guard so that my name may be loved and honoured in Rome.

CALPURNIA. Yes, Caesar. I will do all that you wish.

CAESAR. My wish is that you should not suffer, my dear Calpurnia.

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CALPURNIA. I am calm again. I see you full of youthful ardour for the undertaking which you have in hand, and this, after some sadness, drives away all my grief.

CAESAR. Dear wife, why can I scarcely rest a moment near you ? When on a happy day the Graces created you, the work was accompanied by song. And so your whole being was impregnated with harmonies and your every gesture, every movement of your soul gives forth music for him who draws near to you. Now your anxiety gives forth music as before your sweet calm. Your silence gives music no less than the sound of your voice. And yet with my strenuous life I have been obliged to go far from you and only from time to time has it been granted to me to come to rest near you to drink a draught of refreshment from your hands, faithful as those of my venerated mother. O you who are as wife and mother to me, ever since your birth laughter has been in you as light in a clear dawn. And we were obliged to quench it and we could do nothing else for you. So it is. Innumerable generations will enrich themselves with and enjoy what we have lost and what we have suffered. But Rome is safe and will live. Do you see, Calpurnia ? Antony is making signs at the door. Assuredly the morning has brought its visitors. I must receive them. I will visit you again in your apartment before I go.

SCENE VII

CAESAR, ANTONY.

CAESAR. Are there many waiting already ?

ANTONY. Yes, General.

CAESAR. Only grant entrance to those who have to speak about public affairs. Go. Antony, come here. What do you think of Brutus ?

ANTONY. Do you know the last invention of those who are trying to subvert him ? They have made Atticus, Cicero's friend, compose a genealogy to show his descent from the Brutus of old.

CAESAR. I have been told to beware of him. I do not see him any more. But I think he will await the end of this my body which will be when my work is finished. And what do you think of Albinus ? I have been told to beware of him too.

ANTONY. You have showed him much kindness.

CAESAR. That is true. I have been told to beware of Dolabella too and of you.

ANTONY. O my General !

CAESAR. You are hale and hearty, Antony, and love good wine and good food, and so I do not fear you. For Caesar has no other sign upon which to base his trust to distrust of those around him : their fatness, their thinness, their rosy complexion or their pallor, the lesser or greater

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number of cups they empty at supper with their friends. Yet at Lepidus' house Albinus did not empty fewer than you and I marked it. Antony, my great warrior, what do I see? Your eyes are wet with tears? Pardon me. Be of good cheer. One day they will say, "Then Caesar, after having given immense treasures to the Romans, knew Antony and fidelity and was comforted." But do not give weight to sinister rumours. They have been going about for a long time, and nothing has happened. And nothing will happen. Do you see these two hands? Caesar and Rome are more closely united. What fool will wish to come between them to divide them? Caesar is Rome's good spirit. Who will dare to stretch out his hand against him?

ANTONY. My General, shall I bring in the visitors?

CAESAR. Yes, as I have told you.

[ANTONY goes and returns.]

SCENE VIII

ANTONY, CAESAR, VARRO, *the architect* ANIENUS,
SOSIGENES, *and others. They enter.*

CAESAR. Varro, Anienus, my dear Sosigenes, friends,
good-morning.

ALL. Good-morning, Caesar.

CAESAR. We must use the utmost dispatch in our
conversations and in our work, because I have decided
to put forward my departure for the Parthian war. You
first, Varro.

VARRO. I have visited the libraries of Paulus Aemilius,
of Apellico and the Pontic and here are the reports.

CAESAR. Very good. (*To another.*) My friend, the
plans you must make are noted down here. The course
of the Tiber is to be diverted from the Milvian Bridge
downwards and carried behind Janiculum. Thus, be-
tween this hill and the Palatine, we shall acquire a
large space for the enlargement of Rome. You must
open up an outlet to the Fucine Lake, breaking through the
mountains that enclose it in some places. We will pay
a flying visit to Marruvium for this to-morrow. Your re-
port must reach me on the route to Parthia ; remember
that my legions fly. (*To another.*) My friend, my thoughts
have been much occupied during the last few days with
the site for the Temple of Mars. Yesterday I wished

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to look again at the one under the Vatican and I am more and more convinced that it is the best. The temple must rise exactly in the place where the lake was dug out for the gladiatorial sea battle. At the same time we have decided that the new theatre is to rise at the foot of the Tarpeian. Your plans will reach me as soon as possible. And see that your works have the virtue of Art, which is a record of great things and the desire of things greater yet. See that these works of yours are worthy of Rome and of Caesar. And you, Anienus my architect, be ready to start with me. We will travel together as far as Apollonia. From there you will go to Corinth and set to work upon cutting through the Isthmus. Friends, the priests have been waiting for me for a long time. One moment, I would shake you once more by the hand.

[Exit.]

SCENE IX

ANTONY, VARRO, ANIENUS, SOSIGENES *and* OTHERS

VARRO. His clearness of thought is wonderful.

ANIENUS. The richness of his natural gifts is yet more wonderful. While he is preparing for the most difficult campaign, the most noble and delicate works of peace blossom from his pure mental vision. In fact, when we are at the side of that man who has already had a long life and one so full of deeds, the very air one breathes seems to be that of a spring that is ever new.

SOSIGENES. Toil has tried him more than years. I remember him in his vigorous prime. Who will see again the furious speed of Caesar? Who that terror he inspired, when with only the movement of an eyelid he used to make whole legions tremble and give way? The Gods have given to him alone the vital energy of entire generations of Romans.

VARRO. I remember him as a youth. He used to compose verses, sing and dance and was the mirror of all the polished elegancies. He seemed to be born to waste his life amid aristocratic wealth in the pursuit of love and pleasure. But that youth who went forth every morning all decked by the hands of the adorable Graces, carried within him the virility of a giant indefatigable in strife and labour.

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ANIENUS. Years and toil have passed over him only to exalt him and confer upon him a humanity that never had its equal upon earth. Look now, while Caesar is sacrificing with his own hands, his person is worn and appears so frail, but it seems invested with some spirit that renders it sacred and inviolable. Caesar is conscious of it. You would say that a sublime idea is renewing his youth, that of his union with Rome. He appears intoxicated with this union.

SOSIGENES. And yet nothing as much as the sight of Caesar suggests the sadness of life. To think that such great power goes in conjunction with such ephemerality !

VARRO. My friend, Caesar is not ephemeral. When this peerless hero comes to the end of his mortal course, and may that day be as far off as possible, the earthly glory of Rome will intone the hymn of his mighty deeds and from that day his apotheosis will pass from generation to generation through the endless ages, far above all others. His sovran greatness will be the measure of the greatest men, the leaders of their race, and will give them the impulse to rise ever higher. This, my friend, is the magnificence of life.

SCENE X

ANTONY, VARRO, ANIENUS, SOSIGENES, CALPURNIA

CALPURNIA. Antony, my friends, you have Caesar's ear. Keep him occupied with your talk so that he does not go out this morning. He has not been at all well for some days and I am very anxious about his health. Last night he did not close an eye and for several nights he has been subject to sudden alarms. Beg him not to go out.

ANTONY. Yes, at least for the few days that remain for him to stay in Rome it would be well to take care.

VARRO. Who better than the beloved Calpurnia can do gentle violence to Caesar?

ANIENUS. That is so.

SOSIGENES. But we will all support her.

CALPURNIA. Thanks. Here he is.

SCENE XI

CAESAR, ANTONY, VARRO, ANIENUS, SOSIGENES, *and*
others. CALPURNIA.

[*Enter* CAESAR.

CALPURNIA. Stay at home to-day, Caesar. If you want to work, you can do it with these friends. They have been telling me that they still have much to say to you.

VARRO. Yes, that is quite true.

ANIENUS. We are all for you, divine Julius.

CAESAR. I must go to the Senate.

ANTONY. Nothing of importance will be considered in the Senate to-day. And moreover we can adjourn it.

CALPURNIA. My dear Caesar !

CAESAR. The replies of the victims are favourable, Calpurnia. But nevertheless I would like to give you pleasure. I will not go to the Senate this morning.

ANTONY. That is good.

CAESAR. Here is Brutus Albinus.

SCENE XII

CAESAR, ANTONY, VARRO, ANIENUS, SOSIGENES,
CALPURNIA, ALBINUS.

ALBINUS. The Senate is waiting for you, General. I have come to escort you.

CAESAR. I am not coming to the Senate House this morning, Albinus.

ALBINUS. What do I hear.?

CAESAR. I am not coming. I have decided.

ALBINUS. The senators will take it very ill.

CAESAR. The senators have no love for me. They make unjust speeches down there which greatly distress me.

ALBINUS. That is not at all the case. The majority is still Caesarian. But there is certainly much discontent worming its way into the Senate, and you know it, General, and you know it too Antony ; everyone knows it, it is public property. In fine, the Senate because of your former declarations, your whole action and recent episodes, feels that it has been slighted, and for that reason the Senate House may even pass for a hot-bed of anti-Caesarianism. So, if to-day after having convened the Senate, you fail to appear, what will be said, or rather what will be done ? It might be the beginning of some unpleasant occurrences.

CAESAR. I give the weight they deserve to your con-

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siderations, Albinus. But these would not suffice did they come from others and not from you. Since, however, you have come to escort me, give me your faithful hand, Albinus. I might fail others, but as a mark of friendship I would not fail you. I will come then to the Senate.

CALPURNIA. Caesar !

CAESAR. I have spoken.

ANTONY. Noble Calpurnia, even Caesar can change as you see. But sometimes he pronounces the words "I will" as no man ever pronounced them, and those are the times when he does not change. That is precisely the case now. Do not trouble yourself further.

[The MAID SERVANTS enter bringing the morning refreshment.]

CAESAR. Take some refreshment with me before leaving. Calpurnia begs it of you. You, too, Albinus. I could wish, my dear friends, that the Parthian war might be as short as the one against Pharnaces, so that you might scarcely have time to begin the works I have entrusted to you. But it is a campaign against a very different enemy. And therefore you will have sufficient time for me to find everything completed on my return. And who among our forbears then, if they could rise again, would not wish to see the peace that I shall give to Rome and to the Empire? Nevertheless there was a lieutenant of mine, Labienus, whom I loved above all the others and he had no faith in me and betrayed me. But only one betrayed me, Albinus. And Caesar cannot be touched. Sosigenes, my astronomer, some day histories will begin this way, "When Caesar in Rome together with the great Sosigenes ordered the provinces of the sky." In fact, we have done a little to correct the relations

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between the course of the stars and the seasons which regulate the labours of men. And since they do not trouble their heads about affairs up there and do not confuse them on purpose, we shall not have need of you too soon for a new task of that kind. But I shall always have need of your friendship and of your knowledge which carries the bounds of the world so far along the highways that lead to the Immortal Gods. And therefore, on my return from the war I hope that you will still be a member of my household with these other friends. And now to the Senate.

[Exit with the others.]

CALPURNIA. Caesar !

*[Voices from outside are heard acclaiming
CAESAR.]*

SCENE XIII

THE SENATE. THE STATUE OF POMPEY

[BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TULLIUS CIMBER, *other conspirators*, POMPILIUS LENA, SENATORS (*these arrive gradually*).

A SENATOR. There is one thing you have hidden from me, Casca, but Brutus has confided it.

CASCA. What has Brutus confided to you?

A SENATOR. How have you managed to enrich yourself so quickly and to such an extent as to be able to stand for the aedileship?

POMPILIUS LENA (*to BRUTUS and CASSIUS*). I pray the Gods may grant that you bring what you have in mind to a successful issue and I counsel haste, for your plan is known.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XIV

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TULLIUS CIMBER, LIGARIUS, LABEO, *other conspirators*, SENATORS, *a slave of BRUTUS*

SLAVE (*arrives worn out*). Master !

BRUTUS. Do not shout ! What have you to tell me ? Has Portia sent you ?

SLAVE. Would it were so, Master !

BRUTUS. Has something perchance happened to Portia ?

SLAVE. She was anxious about you and was going to the door every few minutes and sending to the Forum to see and hear, and at every report she became more and more distressed until her strength failed her and she fell full length on the threshold of the house and lost the power of speech.

BRUTUS (*to the SLAVE*). Tell Portia to shut herself in her own apartments and find some means of dying.

CONSPIRATORS. —What did you say, Brutus ?

—Who is to find some means of dying ?

CASSIUS. Be silent in the name of the Gods ! In this all the self-control you have ?

CONSPIRATORS. We are discovered !

CASSIUS. Be silent ! And you, Brutus, do not let your wife kill herself. (*To the SLAVE.*) Answer, you. Is a crowd gathered at the door ?

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SLAVE. A few people, while they were carrying the mistress in as though she were dead.

CASSIUS. And what did the people say?

SLAVE. They expressed their grief, sir!

CASSIUS. Only grief?

SLAVE. Grief and pity for the young mistress.

CASSIUS. Did any one mention Brutus?

SLAVE. Yes, they coupled the name of Brutus with that of Portia, saying over and over again, "Poor Brutus!"

CASSIUS (*to the CONSPIRATORS*). You heard that? Do you think they would have cried, "Poor Brutus" if they knew? Do you think that this man should send and order his wife to put an end to her life, or do you wish that she should still live? For notwithstanding the weakness of her loving heart, Cato's daughter will kill herself if this husband of hers commands it. (*To the SLAVE.*) Go now, and if your mistress comes to herself, tell her that you have seen the master talking in cheerful company, just as we do when we have some dear friends in the house and are waiting to be called to dinner.

[*Exit the SLAVE.*]

(*To the CONSPIRATORS.*) And you, all of you, steady now. Otherwise you can go, because the business here is between men and not between a certain man and womanish slaves. Remember, the man who will soon be among us, when his soldiers had to meet an unknown enemy and were seized by panic, used to make the danger appear to them not less, but greater than it was to lash them on that thus their Roman blood might be aroused. I cannot make the danger appear greater than it is, because he is coming alone and unarmed and we are many and armed. We have our thoughts and our eyes fixed upon him,

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and his thoughts and his eyes are certainly turned in another direction. I cannot make the danger appear greater, I tell you, my Roman comrades, because as for this glorious sovereign of the world, we shall have him here at our mercy just as midnight robbers have the traveller in Alpine solitudes. And therefore, instead of agitating yourselves, you should turn your thoughts to the Immortal Gods and thank them for having chosen you for such an undertaking which, besides being easy of execution, as I have said, is of a magnitude unparalleled in human memory. Consider this. Consider too that there is still a way of being loyal to him, and it is to have the noble composure of the man who knows that he is approaching the fulfilment of a lofty duty. So now a few more minutes of calm and silence.

CASCA. You have spoken justly, Cassius. Let him come now, we are ready.

TULLIUS CIMBER. Yes. Do you hear those voices?

CASCA. No.

LIGARIUS. It is not he who is approaching yet.

LABEO. Have you noticed? We have been left alone. Those who are not in the conspiracy have gone. What is the meaning of that?

LIGARIUS. Do you not see? They are standing outside to wait for him. But, in a word, how do you think Rome will receive the news?

LABEO. We shall know just now.

CASSIUS. But you are pale, Brutus. Go, if you will.

BRUTUS. I will do my duty.

CONSPIRATORS. Here is Albinus! He is alone! Thrice accursed Gods, Caesar will not come!

SCENE XV

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TULLIUS CIMBER, ALBINUS
and others.

ALBINUS. Caesar will come ; he is at hand. Someone has stopped his litter.

CONSPIRATORS. Someone ?

ALBINUS. Beggars, astrologers, madmen who were making all that noise. He had scarcely come out of his house and was entering his litter, when someone in the crowd shouted out, "Remember, Caesar, it is the Ides of March !"

CONSPIRATORS. And he ?

ALBINUS. He turned pale, but he smiled and answered, "They are well come !" "But not gone !" replied the other.

CONSPIRATORS. Yes ? And he ?

ALBINUS. He entered his litter. He had only gone a short way, when a foreign rhetorician came up, presented a paper to him and said, "Read this, Caesar, before anything else and immediately, for it contains grave news that concerns you."

CONSPIRATORS. And Caesar ?

ALBINUS. He put it among his other papers.

CONSPIRATORS. He will read it before his arrival at the Senate ! He will return home.

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ALBINUS. No. Here is the litter.

CONSPIRATORS. Ah !

CASSIUS. Do not draw your daggers before time, Romans !

CONSPIRATORS. His faithful Antony is with him !

1ST CONSPIRATOR. I will go and detain him.

2ND CONSPIRATOR. He is getting out of the litter.

3RD CONSPIRATOR. Pompilius Lena is going up to him and talking to him.

4TH CONSPIRATOR. He knows of the conspiracy.

5TH CONSPIRATOR. We are betrayed ! Nothing remains to be done ! At me !

CONSPIRATORS. Yes ! Let us kill each other !

CASSIUS. Do it then, if you are not worthy to kill him ! Hide your daggers and watch that fellow's face. Look how he twists his neck, how he bows, see his honey-sweet smile. Do you think that he is making revelations ? Does not his action appear more like flattery ?

1ST CONSPIRATOR. See ! He kisses his hand—he is going away.

2ND CONSPIRATOR. Excellent ! Antony is detained at the door.

CONSPIRATORS. He is here.

CIMBER (*to* CASCA). Remember, when I pull down his cloak, you strike him in the neck. Do not stand too near nor too far behind his back.

CASCA. Yes, Cimber. I have rehearsed that stroke for many days in secret.

CASSIUS (*to* CIMBER). Remember to speak to him with affectionate humility so that he may see nothing but smiling, kindly faces around him.

CIMBER. You may depend upon me, Cassius. Look, the

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senators are coming in again with him. Will they defend him ?

CASSIUS. No. Henceforth Caesar is ours.

A CONSPIRATOR. Here he is. He inspires me with terror.

ANOTHER CONSPIRATOR. It is only his name that inspires you with terror. When you fall upon him with cold steel you will find frail old flesh just like ours.

[Enter CAESAR, followed by many SENATORS.]

LAST SCENE

CAESAR, CONSPIRATORS, SENATORS.

CAESAR. Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Cimber, Ligarius, Labeo, Trebonius, Pontius Aquila, friends all, greetings !

CONSPIRATORS AND SENATORS. Greeting to you, Caesar !

CAESAR. You have something to say to me ?

CONSPIRATORS. We have a favour to ask you, Caesar.

CAESAR. Speak.

CONSPIRATORS. Be merciful to the brother of Cimber, who is here and adds his entreaties to ours.

CIMBER. Caesar, shorten my brother's exile, permit him to return to Rome.

CAESAR. Conscript Fathers, let us consider the business of the Republic.

CONSPIRATORS. —First the favour, Caesar !

—Grant first the favour for which we entreat you !

CAESAR. Let us consider the business of the Republic, I beg you.

CONSPIRATORS. —The favour, Caesar.

—Be merciful, Divine Julius !

—Grant that Cimber's brother may return from exile.

—Divine Julius !

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CAESAR. I tell you that this time the affairs of the Republic are indeed important. Know that you will not see me at the meetings of the Senate for a long time. My departure for the Parthian war is imminent, the legions have already crossed the sea. Have we your sincere good wishes or rather will you continue to ask me favours so as to unite yourselves, if I refuse, with those who are nursing a grudge against me, and who, if I were not here, would prepare a new civil war for Rome? Conscript Fathers, through my work Rome's name is again concord and she advances along all the ways that the Immortal Gods have traced out for her in their inscrutable purposes. I, obeying her mighty voice that speaks within me, shall do not only that which you already know. I shall wage war against the Parthians, but I shall do much more. When I have overcome them, I, not subdued by years nor by the toils I have undergone, shall not give myself rest, but my return shall be a wide circuit all full of expeditions and wars. I shall cross Hyrcania and make for the Caspian, and I shall push forward as far as the mountains of the Caucasus. From there I shall descend to the conquest of Pontus. I shall enter Scythia and return to Italy by way of Germany and Gaul. And thus the Roman Empire, when its enemies along the immense line of its frontiers have been subjugated or destroyed by me, will be surrounded by an outwork of safety and through my labours will endure for ever.

[The CONSPIRATORS press closely round him.]

CAESAR. Why do you press upon me? Hence. I am Caesar.

[The CONSPIRATORS press more closely.]

Rome! Rome!

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[The CONSPIRATORS close upon him. He is buried in the circle of his assailants. His voice is heard. The circle is broken and the body of CAESAR in his blood appears upon the ground.]

[The CONSPIRATORS rush through Rome howling with daggers dripping blood.]

NOTES

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NOTES

NOTES

ACT I

SCENE III

“Caesar was very skilful in the use of arms and in horsemanship and enduring of fatigue beyond all imagination. On the march, sometimes on horseback, but more often on foot, he used to precede everyone, bare-headed in sunshine or in rain. The longest roads were traversed with incredible speed, unencumbered in a hired vehicle, to the number of one hundred Roman miles a day. If rivers retarded travel, he crossed them by swimming or on inflated bladders, so that he often arrived before his couriers. In his expeditions it is doubtful whether his prudence or his temerity were the greater.”

Suetonius, *Life of Caesar*.

SCENE V

“When in Rome the soldiers of the Tenth Legion, with serious threats and to the peril of the city itself, began to ask for leave and rewards, and in Africa war was already raging, overcoming the remonstrances of his friends, he did not hesitate to meet them and give them

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leave. But with one word, calling them citizens instead of soldiers, he so turned and influenced them that they cried out immediately that they were soldiers, and making a show of opposition, followed him to Africa."

Suetonius, Life of Caesar.

SCENE V

"And in assemblies he did not call them soldiers, but addressed them by the more endearing name of fellow-soldiers. And he used to give them arms resplendent with silver and gold, either to make a good appearance, or to render them more courageous in battle, for fear of losing them. And as for his soldiers he loved them so much that when he heard of the slaughter of Sabinus, he let his beard and his hair grow and only cut them when he had avenged it, through which action he made his soldiers most devoted and courageous."

Suetonius, Life of Caesar.

ACT II

SCENE III

"Be sure that whatever dregs of the people there are in Italy, are all on Caesar's side."

*Cicero Letters. Book XIII, Letter 360.
To Atticus. Arpinum, March 31, B.C. 50.*

SHRI KRISHNA COLLEGE
JULIUS CAESAR
SHRINAGAR

SCENE III

“Caesar has with him all those who have been condemned, all those who have been disgraced, all those who deserve a like fate, almost all the young men, all the dissolute lower orders of the city population, the powerful tribunes and if Quintus Cassius joins the rest, all those who are harassed by debts, who are many more than I had thought. These have everything except a good cause.”

Cicero Letters. Book XIII, Letter 294.
To Atticus. Trebulanum, December 6, B.C. 51.

SCENE V

“Then our friend Pompey (O incredible misery !) is down. Not a soul, not a plan, no soldiers, no care.”

Cicero Letters. Book XIII, Letter 318.
To Atticus. Cales, February 8, B.C. 50.

SCENE VI

“I myself was present at the beginning of your consulship, when, after having briefly called to the minds of the Senate all the civil wars, you were very careful to warn the senators to fear the return of that which they remembered and reminded them that, since the predecessors without having had any other example in the Republic, were so cruel, who ever should come after them to oppress the Republic with arms would be much more intolerable. Since that which one does following the example of others,

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one thinks to do by right, and moreover each one adds to it something of his own."

Cicero Letters. Book XIV, Letter 461.
To Servius Sulpicius. Rome, September, B.C. 47.

SCENE VI

"Cato himself prefers servitude to war."

Cicero Letters. Book XIII, Letter 309.
To Atticus. Capua, January 28, B.C. 50.

SCENE X

"I am persuaded that as long as Pompey and Caesar are alive or even only the latter, there will be no more Republic."

Cicero Letters. Book XIII, Letter 348.
To Atticus. Formiae, March 13, B.C. 50.

SCENE X

"We at all events confirm this with those words of omen we spoke ; nor are we deceived nor will it happen otherwise. Caesar must destroy himself either thanks to his enemies or thanks to himself, since he is certainly his own bitterest enemy. And I hope that this will happen during our lifetime. Now it is time to occupy ourselves not with this paltry existence, but with that immortal one."

Cicero Letters. Book XIV, Letter 374.
To Atticus. Cumae, May 2, B.C. 50.

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SCENE X

“ I will attach myself to Caesar’s most intimate friends, to those who have great affection for me and are much with me ; and I will insinuate myself into a like friendship with him, which I have so far been prevented from doing by my modesty ; and I will do all that is necessary to reach the goal we desire to reach.”

Cicero Letters. Book XIV, Letter 463.
To Nigidius Figulus. Rome, October, B.C. 47.

SCENE X

“ You must make every effort that those who love me and are in good conceit with Caesar and above all Balbus and Oppius, write to him to the best of their ability on my behalf.”

Cicero Letters. Book XIV, Letter 402.
To Atticus. Brundisium, December 27, B.C. 49.

SCENE XI

“ He used to ride a remarkable horse, with feet that were almost human, with the hoofs divided in the manner of fingers.”

Suetonius, Life of Caesar.

SCENE XIII

“ But Caesar hates the Senate much more now.”

Cicero, Letters. Book XIII, Letter 366.
To Atticus. Cumae, April 14, B.C. 50.

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SCENE XIII

“ The fasces and the axes are the insignia of your dignity rather than of your power. Let it be manifest to all the province that the welfare, the children, the good name, the chattels of as many as are under your government, are most dear to you. As for those who were committed to your good faith and power by the Senate and the People of Rome, love them and defend them and act in every way so that they may be happy. Because, if the government of Africans, or of Spaniards, or of Gauls, barbarous and fierce nations, had fallen to you by lot, your humanity should provide for their comfort and their interests and be at the service of their welfare. But much more when we govern, should we exercise humanity towards that people among whom humanity not only exists, but from whom it is believed that humanity came into existence and spread to other peoples.”

Cicero Letters. Book XII, Letter 29.
To his brother, Quintus. Rome, B.C. 61.

SCENE XVI

“ When these matters were concluded, Caesar set out for Rome. And having called the Senate together, he called to mind the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of his enemies. He declared that he had sought no extraordinary honour, but having waited the legitimate time for the Consulship, he was content with that which was open to all the citizens. He showed his patience, by having himself made the proposal of disbanding the armies ; which would be injurious both for his dignity and for his

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honour. He showed his enemies' obstinacy in refusing to do themselves what they wished from him, and in preferring utter confusion to laying aside the command and disbanding the army. He pointed out the injury done him in wishing to rob him of his legions ; the cruelty and arrogance in circumscribing the powers of the Tribunes of the Plebs ; he called to mind the proposals made by him, the parleys he had asked for but not obtained. On these grounds he exhorted and begged the Senate to undertake the government of the Republic and to maintain it in collaboration with himself. If, however, the Senate wished through cowardice to shirk its responsibilities he would be burdensome to no one and would administer the Republic unaided."

Caesar, Civil War.
Book I. Cap. 32.

SCENE XVI

" I do not in any way see how Caesar can maintain himself, how he can fail to fall by his own weight, even if we do not move ; when, though under the most prosperous conditions and at the beginning of everything, it has scarcely needed seven or eight days to bring down upon him the fiercest hatred of the most miserable and abject dregs of the populace themselves ; when the mask of the two hypocrisies—that of gentleness in the case of Metellus and that of disinterestedness in the case of the treasury—has so quickly fallen from him. What would his allies and ministers be, is our thought, should

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they have to govern the provinces and the Republic, the men who have only needed two months to squander all their patrimony.”

Cicero Letters. Book XIV, Letter 374.
To Atticus. Cumae, May 2, B.C. 50.

ACT III

SCENE II

“ There was in Caesar’s army a veteran, Crastinus, who had been the previous year a centurion in the 10th Legion, a man of singular courage. This man, when the signal for battle was given said, ‘ Follow me, you who were in the maniple commanded by me and do for your General that which you had determined to do. Only this battle remains after which he will recover the high position which is his due, and we our liberty.’ At the same time, looking up at Caesar, he said, ‘ To-day, General, I will act so that you will thank me, living or dead.’ So saying, he was the first of the right wing to move forward against the enemy and about one hundred and twenty soldiers of the same century voluntarily followed him.”

Caesar, Civil War.
Book III. Cap. 91.

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SCENE VII

“ In Pompey’s camp might be seen sheds erected, a great quantity of silver vases, pavilions covered with fresh turfs, and those of Lucius Lentulus and of some others protected by ivy and many other things beside, which testified to too great luxury and too great confidence in victory.”

Caesar, Civil War.
Book III. Cap. 96.

SCENE X

“ I hold by one law alone and this is that only to the Senate and the People of Rome belongs the right to judge the citizens who have not fallen in battle.”

Brutus, Letters to Cicero.

SCENE X

“ Now you must know about the Salaminians, for I see that it is a new thing for you as it is for me. I never knew from Brutus that it was his money. On the contrary I even have in safe keeping a memorandum of his in which it is stated, ‘ The Salaminians owe money to Marcus Scatius and Publius Matinius, my friends.’ He recommends them to me and to press his case more strongly with me, adds that he had given stronger security for them. I induced the Salaminians to pay one per cent interest. But Scatius demands four per cent.”

Cicero Letters. Book XIII, Letter 252.
To Atticus. Laodicea, March 5, B.C. 50.

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SCENE X

“As for me, there will never be a condition of slavery that can deter me from making war against the very substance of matters, that is to say, against royal prerogatives, against extraordinary commands, against every authority and every power that would exalt itself above the laws. Our ancestors could not even endure a father as a lord.”

Brutus, Letters to Cicero.
To Atticus.

SCENE X

“By Hercules I am glad that you indicate to me by letter your approbation of what was done at Corfinium. I will follow your advice, so much the more as I have of my own free will determined to use the utmost gentleness in attempting to come to a reconciliation with Pompey. Let us try at least to regain the goodwill of all and to make use of a lasting victory ; for all the others with their cruelty could not escape odium nor enjoy the fruits of their victory for long, except one, Lucius Sulla, whom I have no intention of imitating. Let this be the new way of conquest, let us fortify ourselves with mercy and liberality. As to success in this matter, I have some plans already in mind and many others can be found. I beg you to give this your consideration.”

Caesar.
Letter to Oppius and to Cornelius Balbus.

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SCENE X

“Those who urged him to atrocities were very many ; and he was not himself by will or nature averse to cruelty, but because he used to consider that clemency was popular. For had he lost the affections of the People, he would have become cruel.”

Cicero Letters. Book XIII, Letter 366.
To Atticus. Cumae, April 14, B.C. 50.

SCENE X

“Whereas Brutus was not only saved by Caesar at Pharsalia after the flight of Pompeius and with his prayers had also obtained salvation for many of his friends, but furthermore was on terms of great intimacy with Caesar himself who put great trust in him.”

Plutarch, Life of Caesar

ACT IV

SCENE II

“To make my forecasts I gather two orders of signs. The first of these I take from Caesar himself, the other from the nature and from the motive of civil disturbances. In Caesar I find these characteristics : a gentle and clement nature, as you paint it in that famous book of

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your appeal. Added to that he takes delight to a remarkable extent in the habitual companionship of excellent intellects like yours. Moreover, he allows himself to be swayed by just prayers and those inspired by a sense of duty, and not by vain and ambitious wills. And lastly he is exceedingly acute and very far-sighted. So much for my opinion of Caesar. Now I will add a few words about the nature of the times and of affairs. There is no one so much opposed to the cause maintained by Pompey rather with good intentions than with good preparations, as to dare to call us bad citizens and wicked men. And in this I admire the dignity, the justice and the wisdom of Caesar. He never mentions Pompey except with the greatest respect. And how has he treated us ? He has bound Cassius to himself, he has given Brutus the government of Gaul, to Sulpicius that of Greece. He has restored Marcellus against whom he was so wrath to the high rank of his office."

Cicero, Letters. Book XIV Letter 470.
Rome, September, B.C. 47.

SCENE IV

"The conqueror has to do many things even against his own wishes to please those with whom he has conquered."

Cicero Letters. Book XIV, Letter 468.
To Marcus Marcellus. Rome, September, B.C. 47.

SCENE IV

"Caesar even in exacting vengeance was by nature most gentle. He gave excellent examples of moderation

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and clemency, both in administration and when victorious in the civil war. He allowed all those to pass over to Pompey upon whom at the latter's recommendation he had conferred honours. In the battle of Pharsalia he gave orders that the citizens should be spared."

Suetonius, *Life of Caesar*.

SCENE IV

"You must know that not only have I no share in the counsels but Caesar himself who is the head is completely in the dark with regard to the future. Since we serve him and he serves what time brings. And so neither can Caesar know what time will require, nor can we know what he thinks."

Cicero Letters. Book XIV, Letter 455.
To Lucius Papirius Paetus. Rome, August 47.

SCENE VII

"Caesar gave even greater proofs of his intrepidity. After the battle of Pharsalia, having sent forward his soldiers into Asia, while he was crossing the Hellespont on a merchantman, upon meeting Lucius Cassius of the opposite party with ten men of war, instead of avoiding him he went to meet him and having come alongside, invited him to surrender and took him on board as a suppliant."

Suetonius, *Life of Caesar*.

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SCENE X

“ On the day of the Gallic triumph as he was crossing the Velabrum, Caesar was almost thrown from his chariot, through the breaking of the axle.”

Suetonius, *Life of Caesar*

SCENE XIII

“ Why should I desire to see again this city, why should I believe it to be a city, this place whose citizens, even when liberty is offered to them and imposed upon them, do not know how to receive it and have more fear of the name of the overthrown king in a child than they have confidence in themselves, though they saw that king himself at the height of his power put out the way by the valour of a few ? ”

Brutus, *Letters to Cicero*.

SCENE XIII

“ The story is told that Caesar had great care of Brutus and warned his officers not to kill him in the battle, but to pardon him and, should he surrender himself of his own free-will into their hands, to bring the prisoner to him, but should he make resistance, fighting so as not to be taken, they were to let him go, nor do him the least injury. And it is said that he did this for Servilia's sake ; because, when he was still a young man he was intimate with her and loved her to distraction, and seeing that

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Brutus was born just at the time when his love was most ardent, Caesar had some reason for believing him to be his son."

Plutarch, *Life of Brutus*.

SCENE XV

"From that time he could not free himself from the stigma of having aspired to the name of king, although he had replied to the Plebs who used to salute him as king that he was not king but Caesar."

Suetonius, *Life of Caesar*.

ACT V

SCENE II

"During the days following Caesar learned that the horses which, on crossing the Rubicon, he had consecrated and left at liberty, were obstinately refusing food and were weeping copiously. And while he was sacrificing, he was warned by the soothsayer, Spurinna to be on his guard against a peril that would come upon him by the Ides of March. And on the night that preceded the day of his murder it seemed to him that now he was flying above the quiet clouds and now he was pressing the right hand of Jupiter. And his wife, Calpurnia, dreamed that

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the gable of the house was tottering and that her husband was killed in her arms ; and suddenly the doors of the room burst open of themselves.”

Suetonius, *Life of Caesar*.

SCENE VII

“ The first time, however, that it was reported to him that Antonius and Dolabella were devising some plot, he said these fat men with abundant hair did not trouble him but those pale, lean men, meaning Brutus and Cassius. But afterwards when Brutus was accused by some and Caesar was warned to be on his guard against him, the latter touching his own body with his hand, said, ‘ Ah well ! Do you not think that Brutus will wait for the end of this wretched body of mine ? ’ ”

Plutarch, *Life of Brutus*.

LAST SCENE

“ In the meantime he was deciding and already making preparation to accompany the army against the Parthians, and when he had overcome these and crossed Hyrcania, having made a detour round the Caspian Sea and the Caucasus, to invade Scythia afterwards, and after having traversed the places marching with Germany and Germany itself, to return to Italy by way of the Celts and so to complete this circuit of the dominions, bounded by the ocean on every side.”

Plutarch, *Life of Caesar*.

JULIUS CAESAR

LAST SCENE

“ To Marcus Brutus as he flung himself upon him, he said, ‘ You too, my son ! ’ He fell lifeless, and as all fled, lay for some time until, having placed him on a litter with his arm dangling, three slaves carried him home. And among so many wounds, according to the opinion of the doctor Antistius, only one was mortal, the second which he had received in the breast. The intention of the conspirators had been to throw the body of the murdered man into the Tiber, confiscate his goods and annul his acts, but they desisted for fear of the Consul Marcus Antonius and of Lepidus, Master of Horse.”

Suetonius, *Life of Caesar*.

LAST SCENE

“ Here Octavius is full of respect and friendship towards me. His friends call him Caesar.”

Cicero Letters. Book XV, Letter 692.
To Atticus. Puteoli, April 22. B.C. 45.

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